



NO. 21

CAPTAIN

AERO
COMICS

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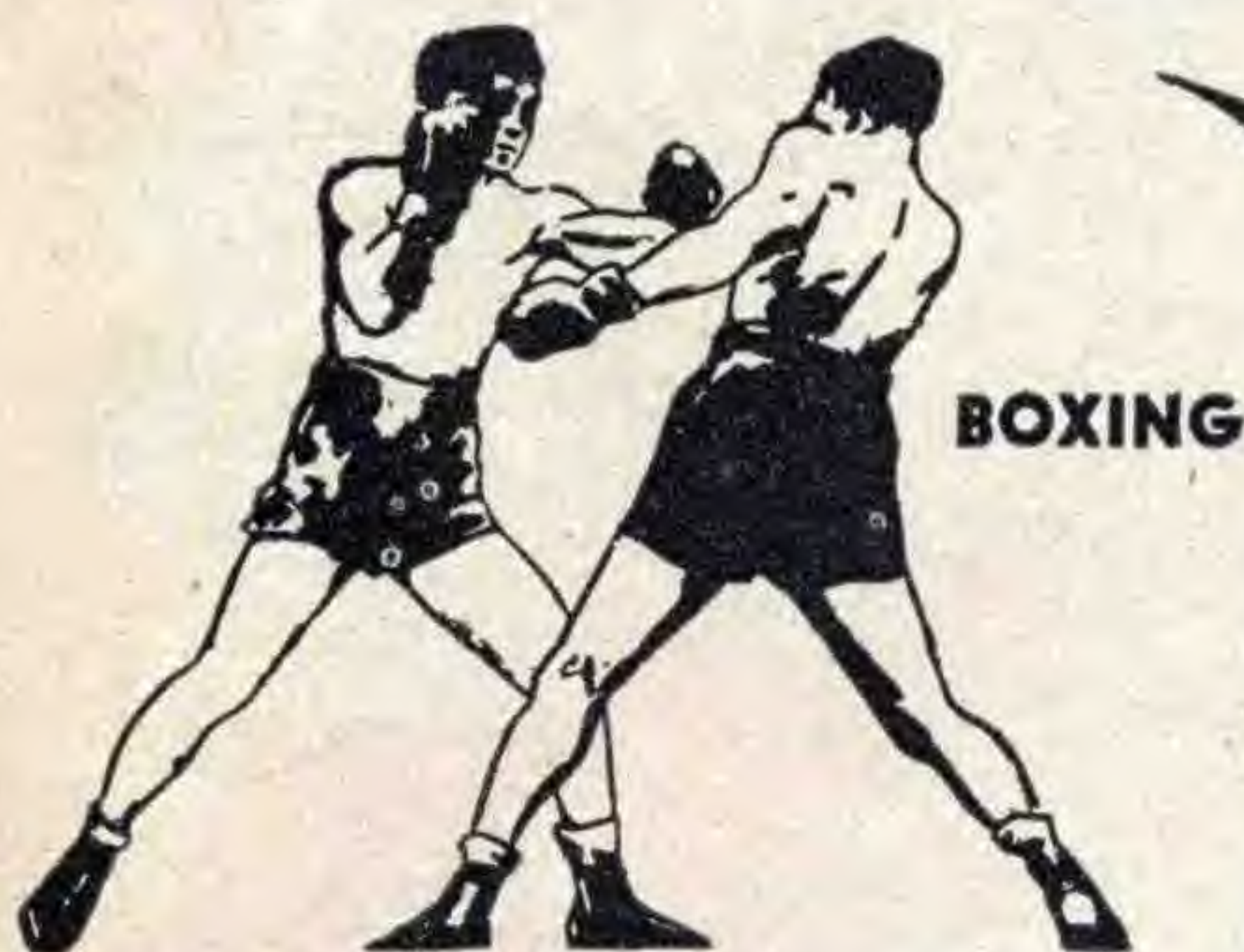
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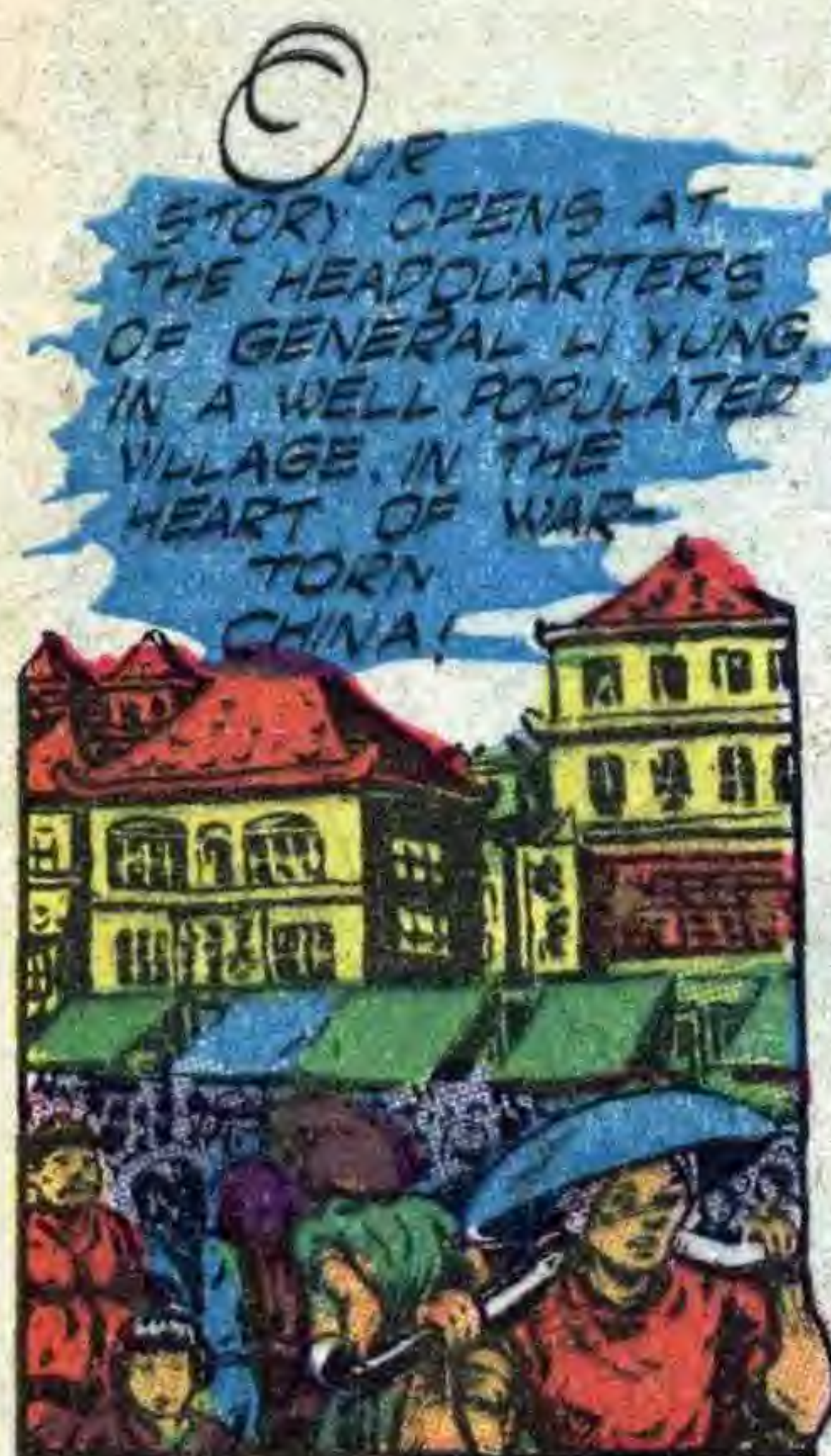
Captain AERO

by CHAS. M.
QUINLAN

"KING
of the
AIR!"



IT WAS A
CLEVER PLAN,
WORTHY OF A
CLEVER ENEMY, BUT
WHEN CAPT. AERO
MADE IT BACKFIRE,
IT MADE SHORT-
LIVED THE MURDER-
OUS INTENTIONS
OF THE
**JAPANESE
SANDMAN!**



OUR STORY OPENS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL YUNG IN A WELL POPULATED VILLAGE IN THE HEART OF WAR-TORN CHINA!

EVERYTHING IS QUIET, GENERAL YUNG, THE PATROLS HAVE ALL RETURNED, AND REPORT NO SIGNS OF ENEMY TROOPS!



STRANGE - MANY WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE WE ESTABLISHED OURSELVES HERE, AND YET WE HAVE NOT BEEN ATTACKED! IT DOESN'T SEEM REASONABLE!



PERHAPS THEY ARE **AFRAID!** WE ARE NO LONGER WEAK - AND CAN BEAT THEM EASILY!



COMPLACENCY IS THE PARADISE OF FOOLS! SEND OUT THE RELIEF PATROLS, WE CANNOT AFFORD TO BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD!



WE HAVE LEARNED THAT THE JAPANESE ARE A TENACIOUS AND TRICKY ENEMY - THIS KNOWLEDGE HAS BEEN OBTAINED AT GREAT COST --- THEY HAVE BEEN INACTIVE TOO LONG - I FEAR THEIR ATTACK MAY COME SOONER THAN YOU THINK, AND IN A MANNER WE LEAST EXPECT!



IT SEEMS GENERAL YUNG HAS REASON FOR HIS MISGIVINGS. FOR, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ABOUT A MILE OUTSIDE OF THE CHINESE ARMY PATROL AREA!

BUT MOST HONORABLE COMMANDER, HOW CAN A FORCE AS SMALL AS OURS CAPTURE SUCH A WELL DEFENDED TOWN?



TUT-TUT -- FEAR NOT, SERGEANT! THIS IS NOT A SUICIDE ATTACK, - THE TOWN WILL BE TAKEN WITH NOT A SINGLE LOSS!

BUT HOW CAN THAT BE? THEY ARE MANY - WE ARE FEW - AND EVEN WHEN WE OUTNUMBERED THEM, WE SUFFERED GREAT LOSSES!

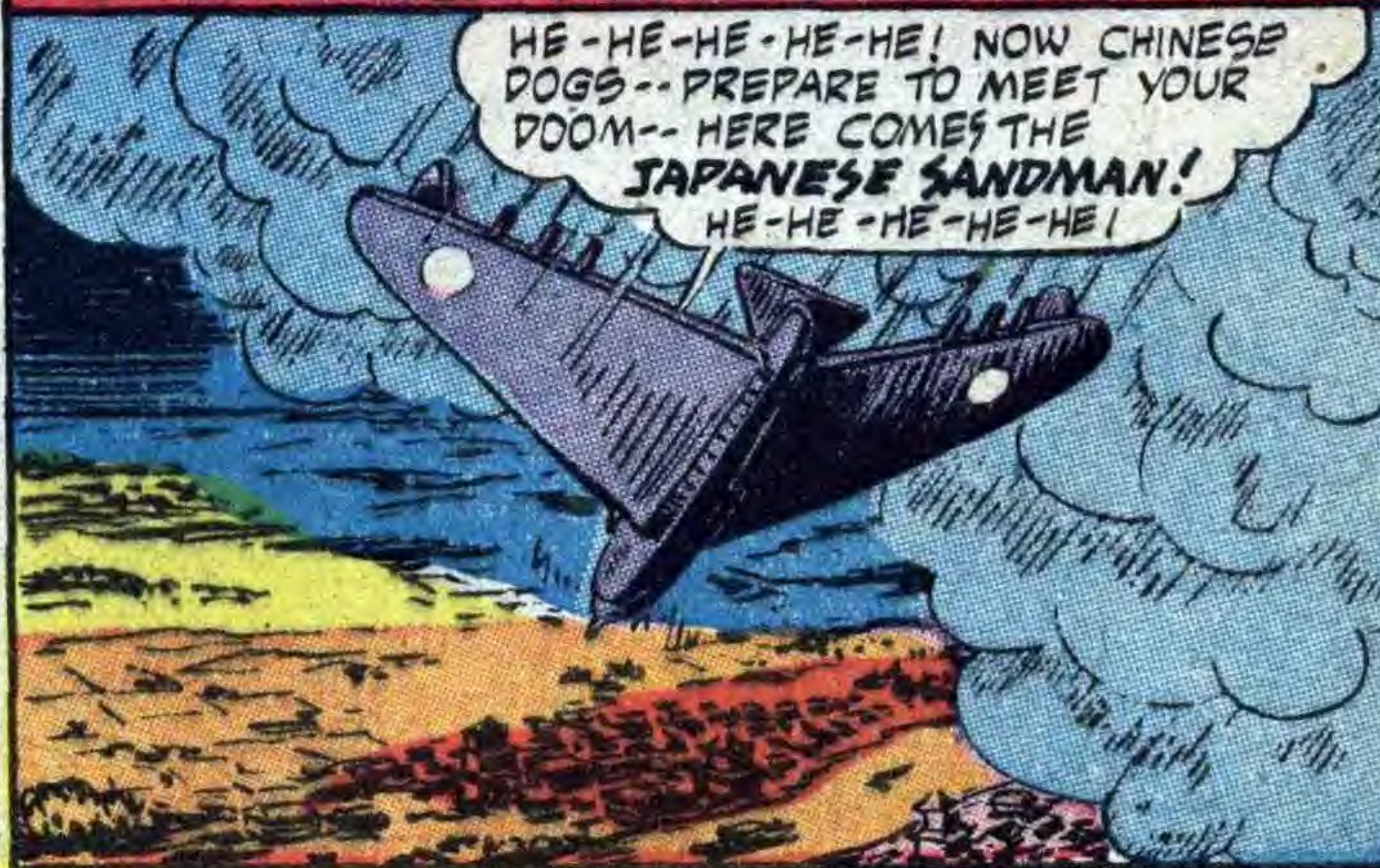


TRUE, BUT THIS ATTACK WILL BE DIFFERENT! HE-HE-HE - MUCH DIFFERENT!

YES! HE-HE-HE -- MUCH SPORT IS IN STORE FOR US! WE WILL WALK BOLDLY INTO THE TOWN -- AND **SLAUGHTER** THE HELPLESS DOGS AT OUR PLEASURE! AHA, THE TIME IS ALMOST AT HAND!

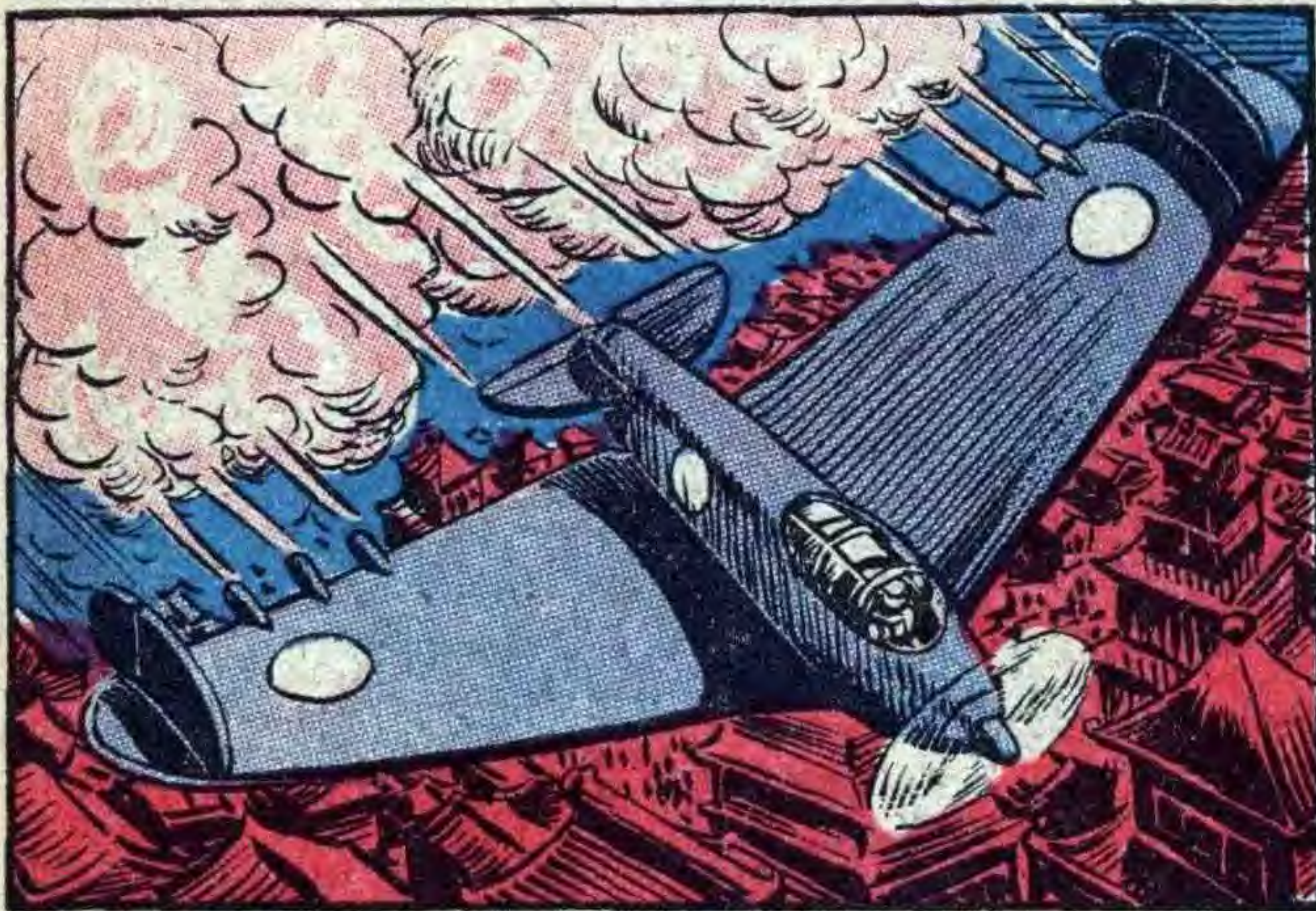


AS THE GRINNING JAP COMMANDER GAZES INTENTLY AT HIS WRIST-WATCH --- HIGH OVERHEAD A WEIRD BAT-LIKE PLANE, BEARING THE RED BALL INSIGNIA OF JAPAN, EMERGES FROM THE COVER OF A HEAVY CLOUD AND DIVES SOUNDLESSLY UPON THE UNBESPECTING TOWN!



HE-HE-HE-HE-HE! NOW CHINESE DOGS -- PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM -- HERE COMES THE **JAPANESE SANDMAN!** HE-HE-HE-HE-HE!

EMITTING A SHARP HISS, LIKE THE SOUND OF ESCAPING STEAM, IT SWOOPS LOW OVER THE ROOFTOPS, BELCHING DENSE CLOUDS OF THICK GREEN SMOKE!



AS THE SMOKE SETTLES TO THE GROUND THE PANIC STRICKEN POPULACE CLUTCH AT THEIR THROATS AND COLLAPSE!



THE CHINESE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS RUSH TO THEIR GUNS, BUT BEFORE THEY CAN GET INTO ACTION THEY TOO, SUCCUMB!



LOOK AT THEM FALL, HE-HE-HE-HE-HE! HE! SLEEP, STUPID ONES! SLEEP! IT IS THE **JAPANESE SANDMAN** WHO WILLS YOU TO SLUMBER! HE-HE-HE-HE-EEE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE GREEN HAZE LIFTS, REVEALING A HIDEOUS SCENE OF HORROR AND DISASTER!



AND, AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN, THE SMALL JAP FORCE JUBILANTLY MOVES IN!

LOOK! THE GAS IS LIFTING!! IT IS SAFE FOR US TO ENTER, COME! FORWARD TO VICTORY! **BANZAI!**



DASHING INTO THE STRICKEN TOWN, THE BRUTAL JAPS VENT THEIR HATE ON THE UNCONSCIOUS CHINESE!



DIE! USELESS DOG OF A CHINESE!

AS THE CIVILIANS AND SOLDIERY FALL VICTIM TO THE BLOOD-THIRSTY BARBARIANS--THE JAPANESE SAND-MAN LANDS TO INSPECT HIS HANDIWORK--



MUST HURRY TO CHINESE HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE! NO DOUBT CAPTAIN SUKI HAS ALREADY ARRESTED THE GREAT GENERAL YUNG! HE--HE--HE--

FINALLY, THE EFFECTS OF THE SLEEPING GAS WEARS OFF, AND, AS THE HAPLESS SURVIVORS SLOWLY RECOVER, THEY ARE HERDED TOGETHER IN SMALL GROUPS--



THOSE STILL SUFFERING FROM THE GAS ARE BRUTALLY BEATEN --



AS GENERAL YUNG AND HIS AIDES SUFFER THE IGNOMINY OF CAPTURE, THE SANDMAN ARRIVES--

YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS VIOLATION OF THE GENEVA RULES OF WARFARE--! THE ALLIES, TOO, WILL USE GAS!

YOU ARE WRONG-- GENERAL, WE HAVE VIOLATED NONE OF THE GENEVA RULES--



WE JAPANESE ARE TOO SMART FOR THAT-- THE RULE SAYS, "NO NATION ENGAGED IN WAR SHALL USE POISON GAS, AND WE OBEY-- OUR GAS ONLY PUTS PEOPLE TO SLEEP-- THUS I HAVE POWER TO BE THE JAPANESE SANDMAN!

HE IS RIGHT, GEN. YUNG! THE GENEVA CONFERENCE MADE NO MENTION OF A SLEEPING GAS!



AND BESIDES WHO IS GOING TO INFORM YOUR ALLIES OF THE MANNER IN WHICH YOU WERE DEFEATED--ALL WHO SUFFERED IT'S EFFECTS ARE EITHER DEAD OR OUR PRISONERS--



MEANWHILE, AT A FORMER FLYING TIGER BASE, ABOUT FIFTY MILES AWAY!

SO LONG, SKIPPER! "CHOP" AND I ARE HOPPING-OFF TO KEEP OUR DINNER DATE--

OKAY, AERO! GIVE MY REGARDS TO GENERAL YUNG!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AERO'S GREAT MYSTERY SHIP ROARS INTO THE AIR!

WHEN WE'RE ABOUT 10 MINUTES OUT, I'LL RADIO THE GENERAL!



TEN MINUTES LATER!

CAPTAIN AERO CALLING HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. YUNG, AERO TO GEN. YUNG --

CAPTAIN AERO?

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE HIM!



BUT IT IS --AND HE IS COMING HERE! HE WILL KNOW THAT SOMETHING IS AMISS, WHEN I DO NOT ANSWER HIS CALL--HE WILL THEN RADIO HIS HOME BASE, AND I NEED NOT TELL YOU WHAT WILL HAPPEN!

VERY CLEVER, GENERAL YUNG! BUT YOU **ARE** GOING TO ANSWER HIM--OR WOULD YOU RATHER WE CHOP YOUR HEAD OFF?



VERY WELL, SANDMAN-- YOU WIN! I WILL TALK TO HIM--TO SAVE MY **HEAD** I MUST BETRAY MY **FRIEND**!

AND REMEMBER, GENERAL YUNG-- **NO TRICKS** PLEASE!

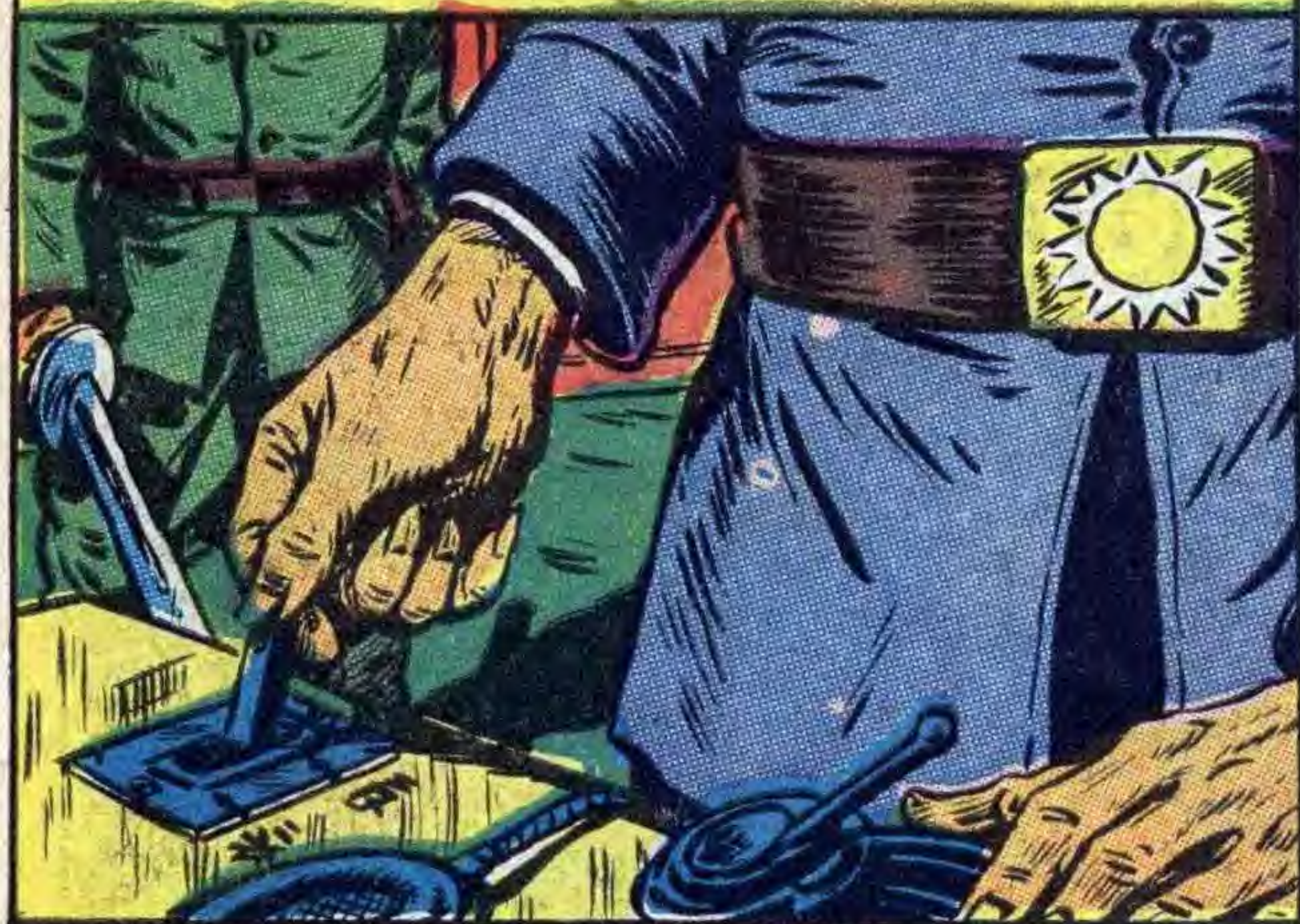


HELLO, CAPTAIN AERO! GEN. YUNG SPEAKING-- IT IS ALL CLEAR FOR YOU TO COME IN--I HAVE NOTIFIED ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES TO HOLD FIRE---

OKAY, GENERAL! I'LL BE SEEING YOU! PUT THE SOUP ON --ALL SET CHOP WE'RE GOING DOWN--



BUT, UNNOTICED BY THE SUSPICIOUS JAPS, THE CHINESE COMMANDER, IN TURNING THE SWITCH OFF, WITH A QUICK MOVE SIMULTANEOUSLY THROWS IT BACK ON AGAIN--



HE-EE-HE-E-E-- WELL DONE, GEN. YUNG--LIKE ALL CHINESE, YOU ARE **COWARD**-- JAPANESE WOULD NEVER BETRAY FRIEND TO SAVE SELF, BUT IT MATTERS NOT-- YOU ARE TO DIE ANYHOW--AS SOON AS STUPID CAPT. AERO LANDS, AND BECOMES OUR PRISONER--BOTH OF YOU WILL SUFFER--DEATH BY TORTURE-- HE-HE-EE! TIE HIM UP, CAPT. SUKI!



GEN. YUNG'S PLAN TO WARN AERO WORKS, AS, OVER THE RADIO COMES THE SNARLING VOICE OF THE TREACHEROUS JAPANESE--

BOTH OF YOU WILL SUFFER DEATH BY TORTURE-- HE-HE-HE-- TIE HIM UP CAPT. SUKI!

WHAT THE-- **LISTEN!** CHOP SUEY THEY'VE TAKEN THE TOWN AND CAPTURED THE GENERAL!



THIS CALLS FOR STRATEGY! THEY'LL BE EXPECTING ME TO COME IN FROM THE SOUTH--SO--



AND AERO'S PLANE ZOOMS AT TERRIFIC SPEED STRAIGHT UP INTO THE SKY--

FLYING HIGH OVER THE TOWN, HE CUTS HIS MOTOR, FEATHERS HIS PROP, AND, UNSEEN AND UNHEARD, DROPS SWIFTLY DOWN FROM THE NORTH!



THE AMAZING SHIP COMES TO A STOP IN A SMALL CLEARING WHERE NO ORDINARY PLANE WOULD DARE TO LAND!

C'MON, CHOP, OLD BOY! FROM HERE ON, WE'RE GOING TO BE **COMMANDOS**



DODGING THROUGH TORTUROUS ALLEYS, AND SICKENING SCENES OF CARNAGE, THEY SOON ARRIVE AT THE BACK DOOR TO GEN. YUNG'S HEADQUARTERS--

OH-OH--A SENTRY--I'LL FIX HIM!



THE JAP GUARD NEVER KNOWS WHAT HIT HIM!





LOOK AT THAT POOR OLD CHINESE WOMAN-- THE DIRTY RATS! I'LL BET SHE NEVER HAD A CHANCE!



AS AERO AND HIS LITTLE ALLY MOUNT THE STAIRS THE JAPANESE SANDMAN IS FAST LOSING PATIENCE--

WHERE IS HE? HE SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED AT LEAST TEN MINUTES AGO!



HM, THEY'RE GETTING IMPATIENT--WELL, WE CAN'T KEEP THEM WAITING! REMEMBER CHOP **COMMANDO STUFF!** EVERYTHING GOES NOW!



CAPTAIN AERO!



AERO'S MIGHTY FISTS GRASPING HEAVY 45'S MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE JAPANESE AS CHOP DOES HIS SHARE WITH A FLYING TACKLE--!



WITHIN A MINUTE, EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL--

THERE YOU ARE, GENERAL YUNG, NOW--WHILE CHOP AND YOUR LIEUTENANT BIND THESE BIRDS, FOR THE LOVE OF CONFUCIUS, TELL ME HOW THIS HAPPENED!



WE OUTNUMBERED THEM BY TEN TO ONE, AND THOUGHT WE WERE SECURE, BUT THEY FOOLED US-- THAT ONE, WITH THE FUNNY SUIT ON, CALLS HIMSELF, THE JAPANESE SANDMAN-- HE HAS A PLANE THAT POURS A POWERFUL SLEEPING GAS-- WHEN WE BECAME UNCONSCIOUS, THEY JUST MARCHED IN AND TOOK OVER!



-- A SLEEPING GAS, EH? HM-- DARNED CLEVER, THESE NIPS! KNOCKING OUT THE WHOLE POPULATION! SAY-- WAIT A MINUTE-- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA-- WHERE IS THIS GAS PLANE NOW?

I PRESUME IT IS ON THE OPEN FIELD AT THE END OF THE STREET, BUT I'M SURE IT'S GUARDED!

QUICKLY AERO DARTS TO THE RADIO TRANSMITTER--

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT--
--AERO CALLING D-30--
AERO CALLING, D-30

D-30 TO AERO--
GO AHEAD, AERO!

LOOK, JOE--TELL
THE SKIPPER TO
SEND ME A SHIP-
LOAD OF AIRBORNES
ON THE BUTTON! HE
KNOWS WHERE I
AM--GET IT??

ROGER!

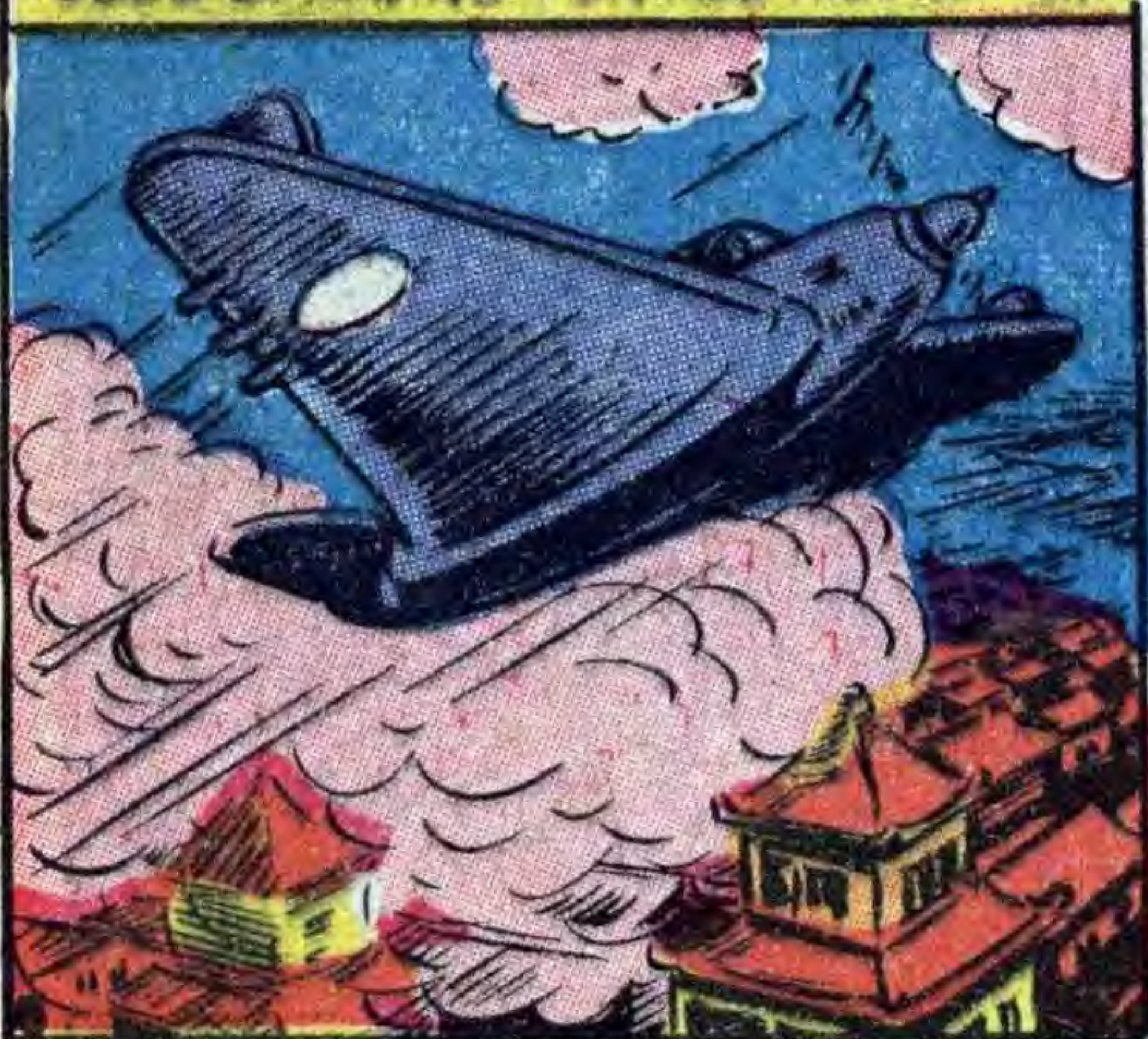
WAIT--CAPT. AERO! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?? WHY
ARE YOU DISROBING
HIM?

I'M SORRY GEN.
YUNG. BUT I'M AFRAID
YOU'RE ALL GOING
TO HAVE TO TAKE
ANOTHER NAP--
--WE'LL CAN YOU
BEAT TH--? IT'S
MAJOR ZERO!

**A FEW MINUTES LATER, DISGUISED AS
THE JAPANESE SANDMAN, AERO WALKS
UNMOLESTED TO THE WEIRD GASPLANE!**



CLIMBING QUICKLY INTO THE COCKPIT,
HE MOMENTARILY STUDIES THE CONT-
ROLS, THEN SUDDENLY HE SENDS IT
ROARING INTO THE AIR, WITH THE GAS
TUBES SPRAYING FOR ALL THEY'RE WORTH!



AGAIN THE CHINESE SUFFER
THE TORTURE OF CHOKING!
THIS TIME THE JAPS TOO
GET A DOSE OF THEIR
OWN MEDICINE--



AND THEN, TWENTY MINUTES
LATER, AS THE GAS LIFTS,
THE AIRBORNE TROOPS
APPEAR!

HEY! LOOK! THE STREETS
ARE LITTERED WITH DEAD!
AND THERE'S AERO! HE'S
WAVING AT US!



THEY LAND AND THE SOLDIERS DIS-
EMBARK, AS AERO DASHES TO MEET THEM!

HURRY! COMB THE TOWN!
DISARM EVERY JAP AND
DRAG 'EM INTO THE SQUARE!
THEY'RE ALL UNCONSCIOUS
AND CAN'T FIGHT BACK!
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



LATER--EXPLANATIONS HAVING BEEN MADE--CAPT.
AERO, CHOP SUEY, AND THE SKIPPER WHO FLEW
THE ESCORT PLANE, ENJOY THE DELAYED HOSP-
ITALITY OF GRATEFUL GENERAL YUNG!

YES! IF IT WEREN'T FOR
CAPT. AERO. THE TOWN
WOULD STILL BE IN THE
HANDS OF THE ENEMY
AND I WOULD PROBABLY
BE MINUS MY HEAD!

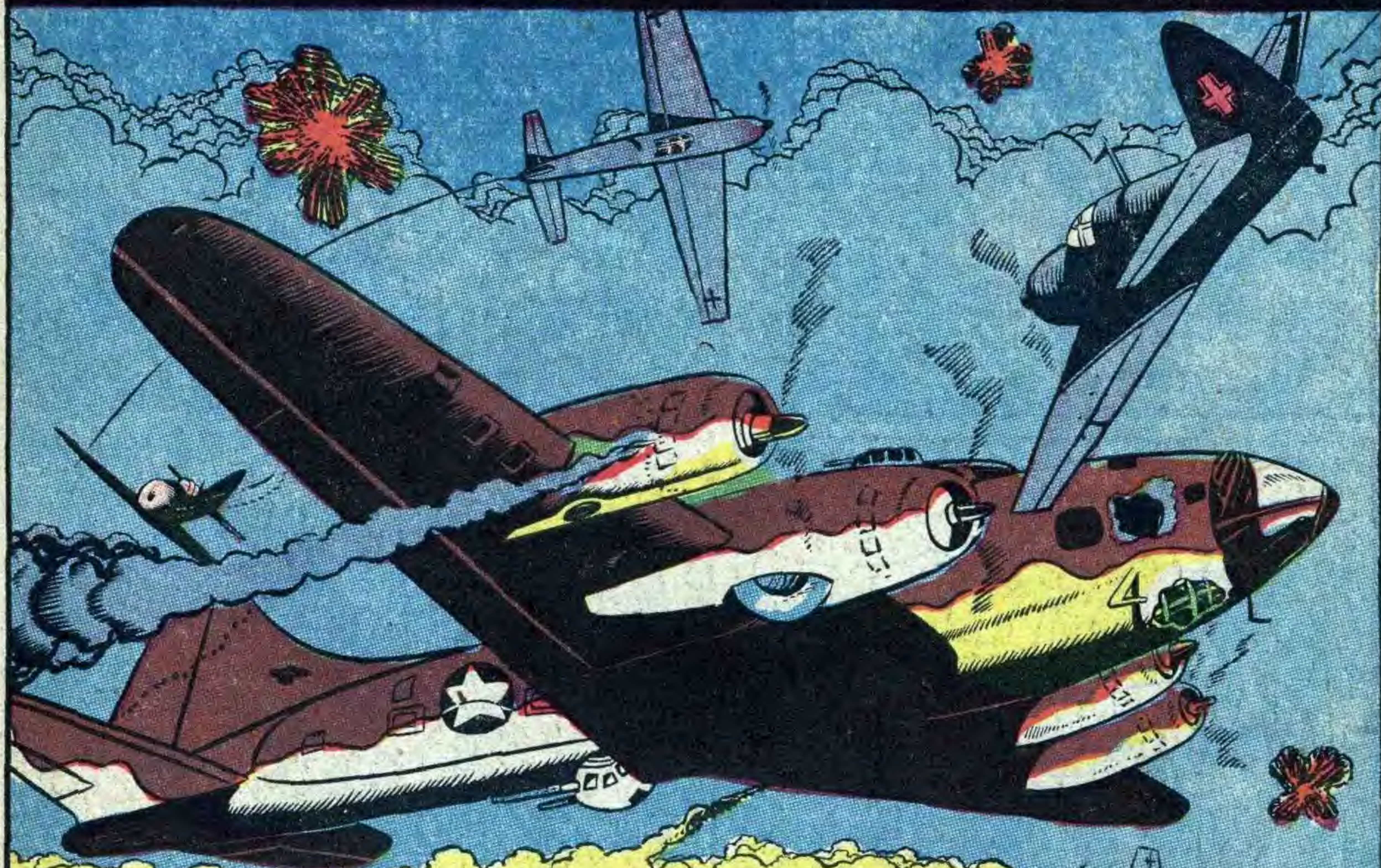
IT WASN'T ANYTHING, GEN-
ERAL--I JUST DID WHAT
I SAW FIT! WHAT ARE
YOU LAUGHING AT,
CHOP?

YOU SURE
LOOKED FUNNY
IN THAT MAJ.
ZERO SANDMAN
SUIT, HA--HA--!



FOR THE MOST THRILLING AND UNUSUAL ADVENT-
URE STORIES "CAPTAIN AERO COMICS!"
READ--

Next Door to DEATH!



BEING IN TOUGH SPOTS IS NO NOVELTY FOR YANK FLIERS, BUT, LT. WILLIAM C. JOHNSON, OF LEWIS CHAPEL, TENN., AND CO-PILOT LT. MATT FARMER OF MANKATO, MINN., WERE RECENTLY PLUNGED INTO THE TOUGHEST SPOT OF THEIR LIVES... THEIR FLYING FORTRESS WAS NEXT DOOR TO DEATH, AND THEY KNEW IT!

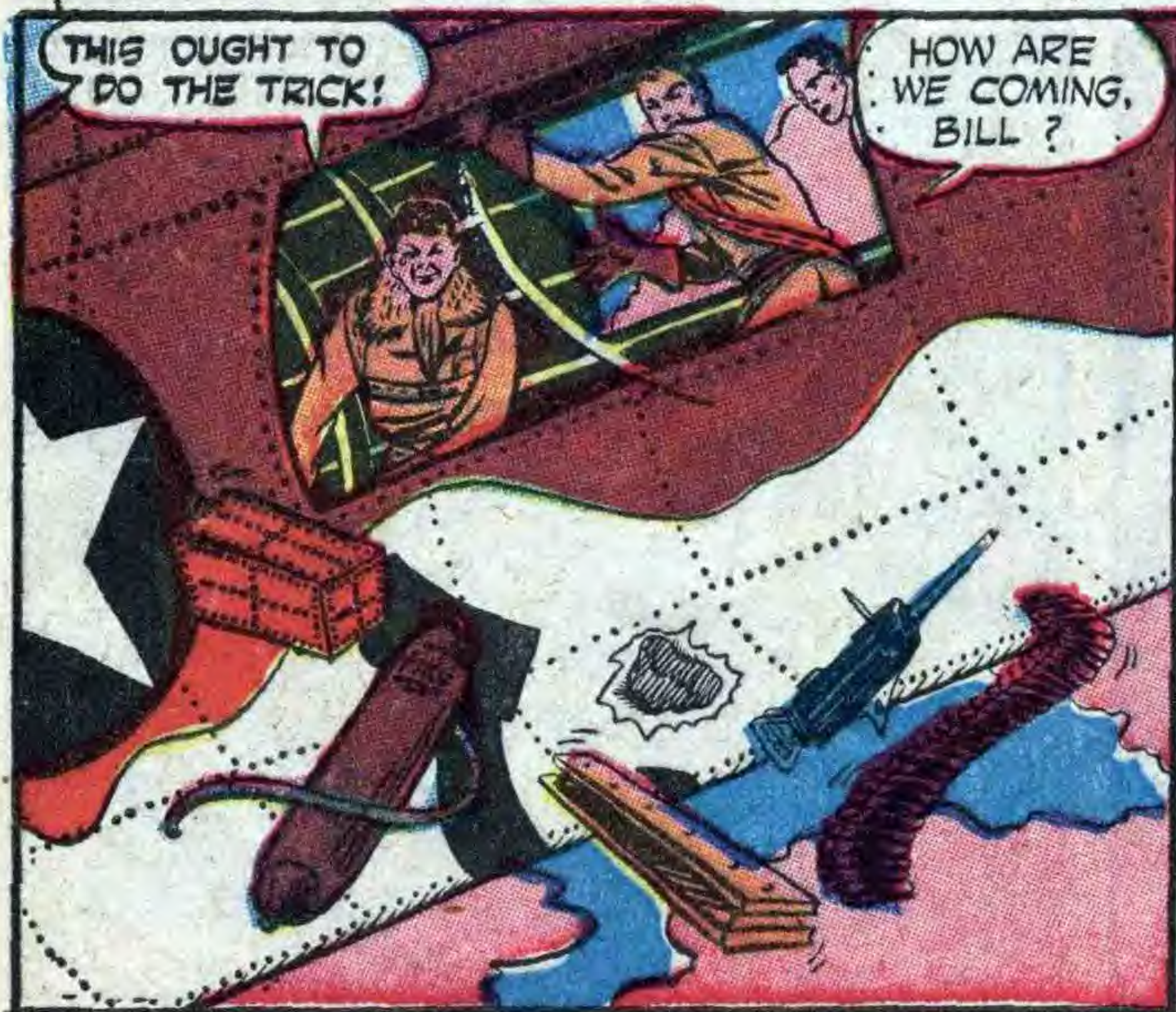
BUT WITHOUT A MINUTE'S HESITATION THEY SLAMMED THE DOOR SHUT-- AND THEREIN LIES A TALE--

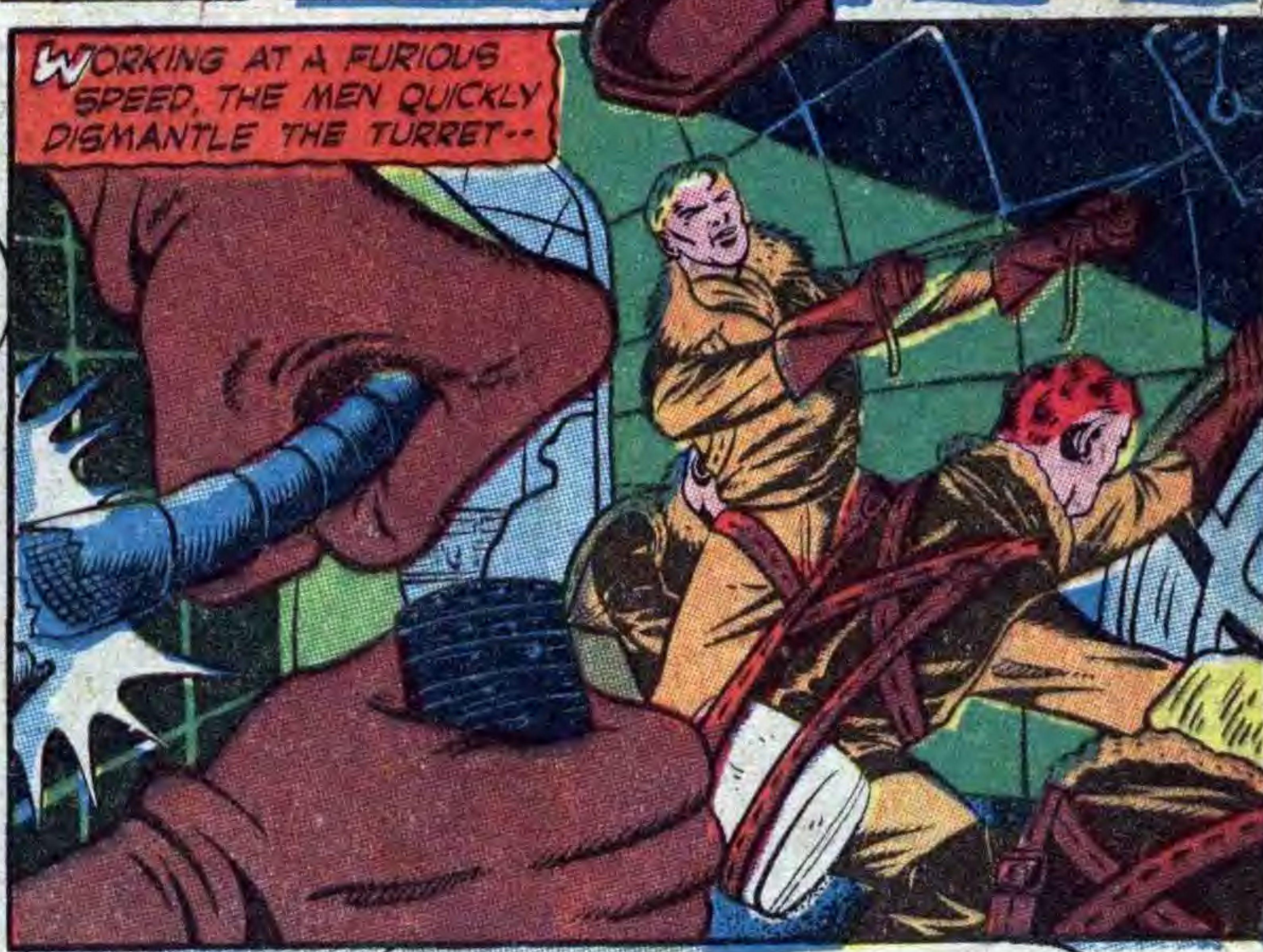
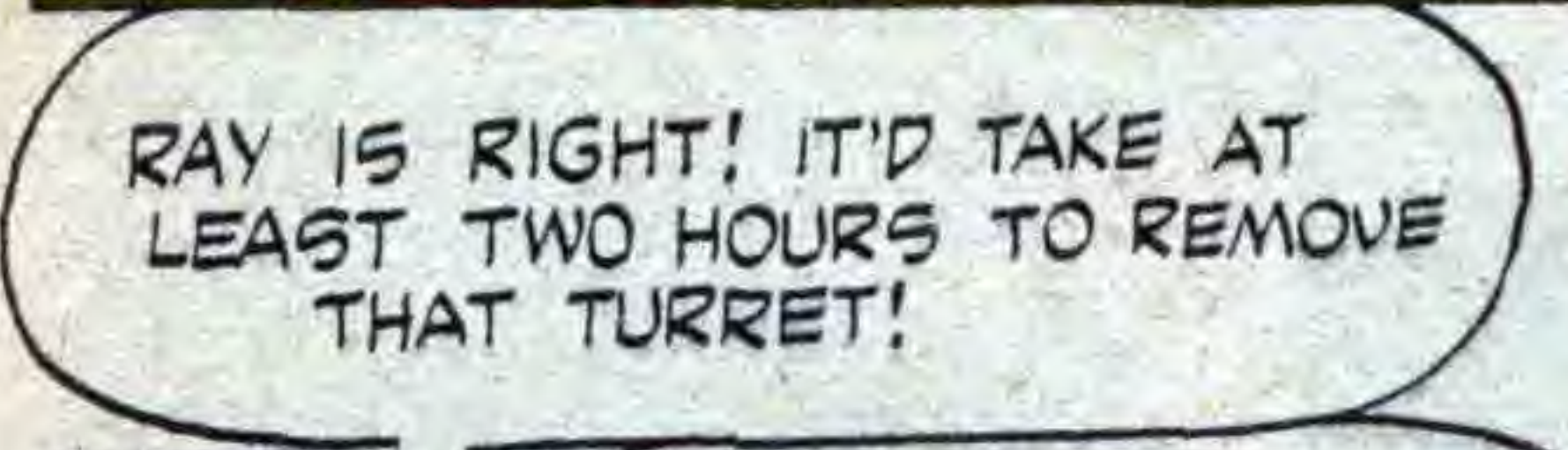
MANNY STALLMAN

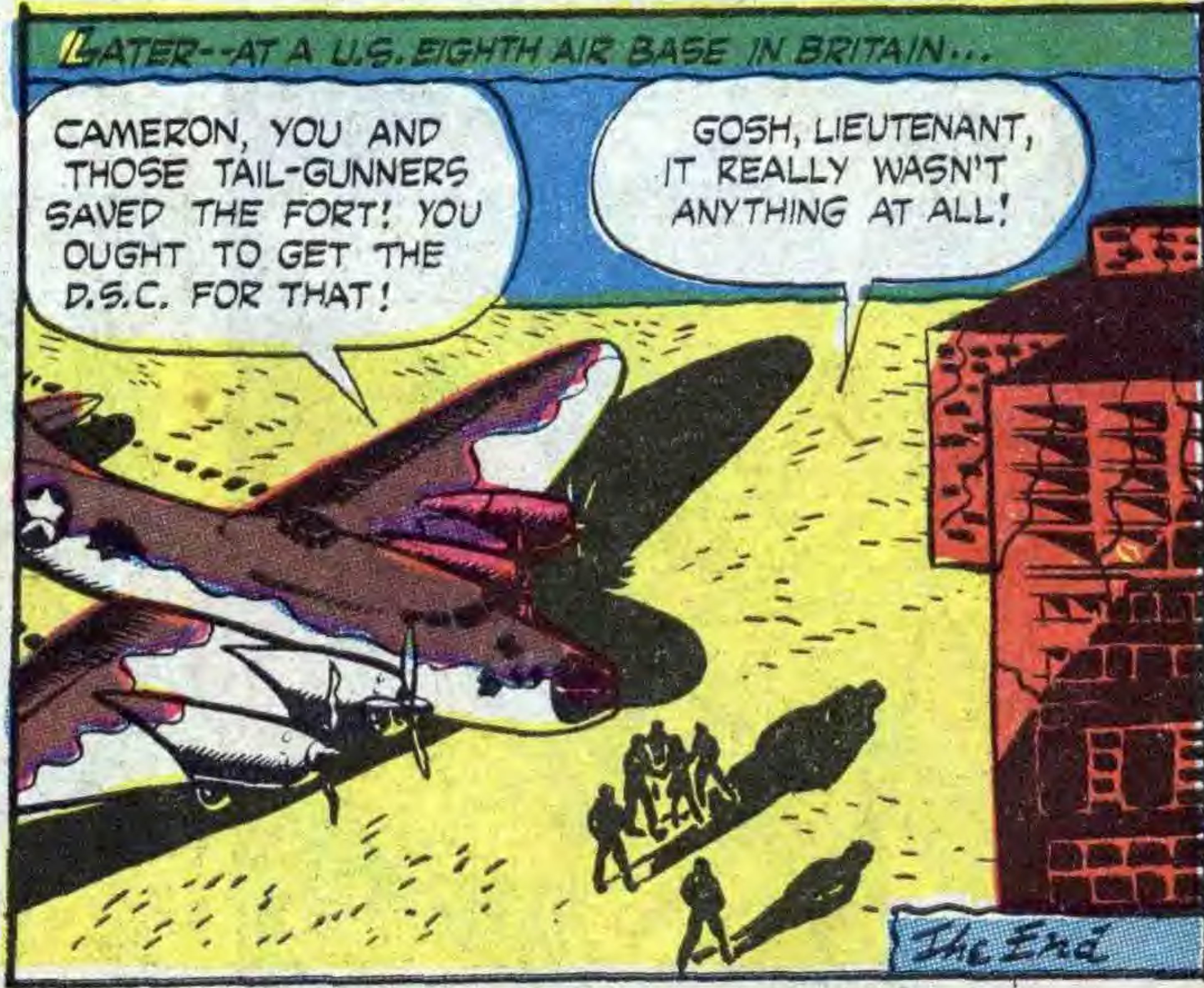
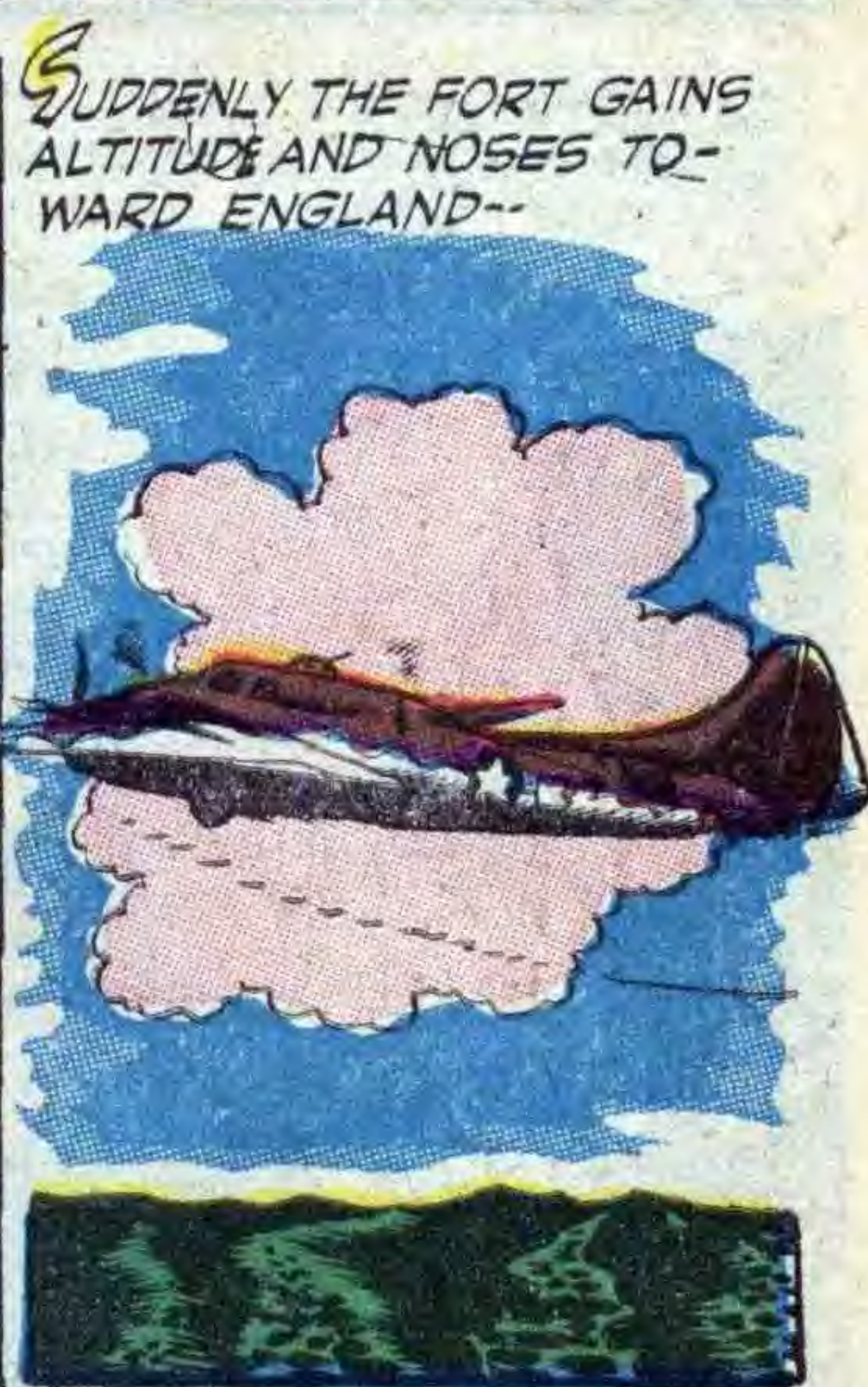
ABOVE FRANKFORT, GERMANY--

OVER TARGET....!!
LET 'EM HAVE IT

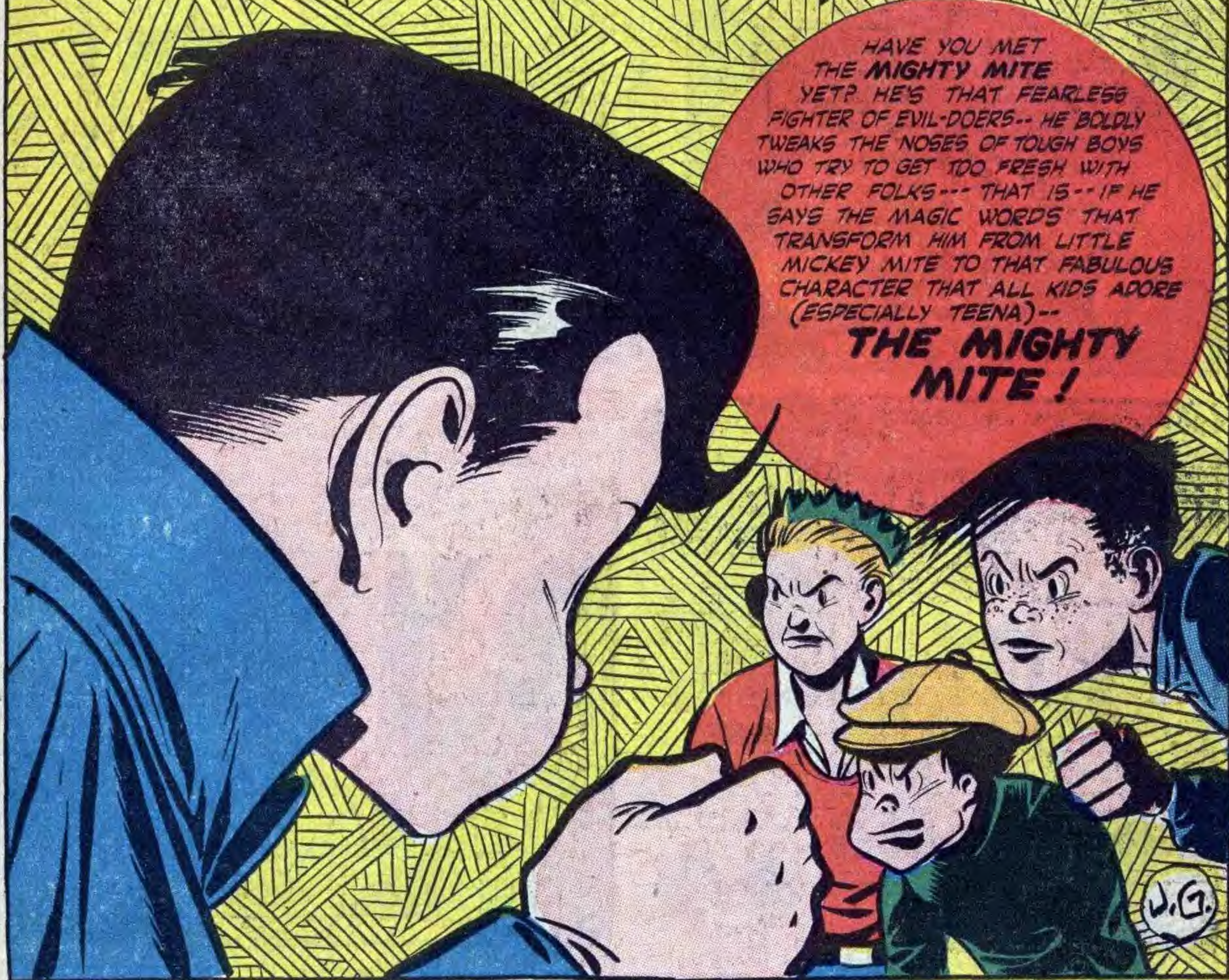








THE MIGHTY MITE



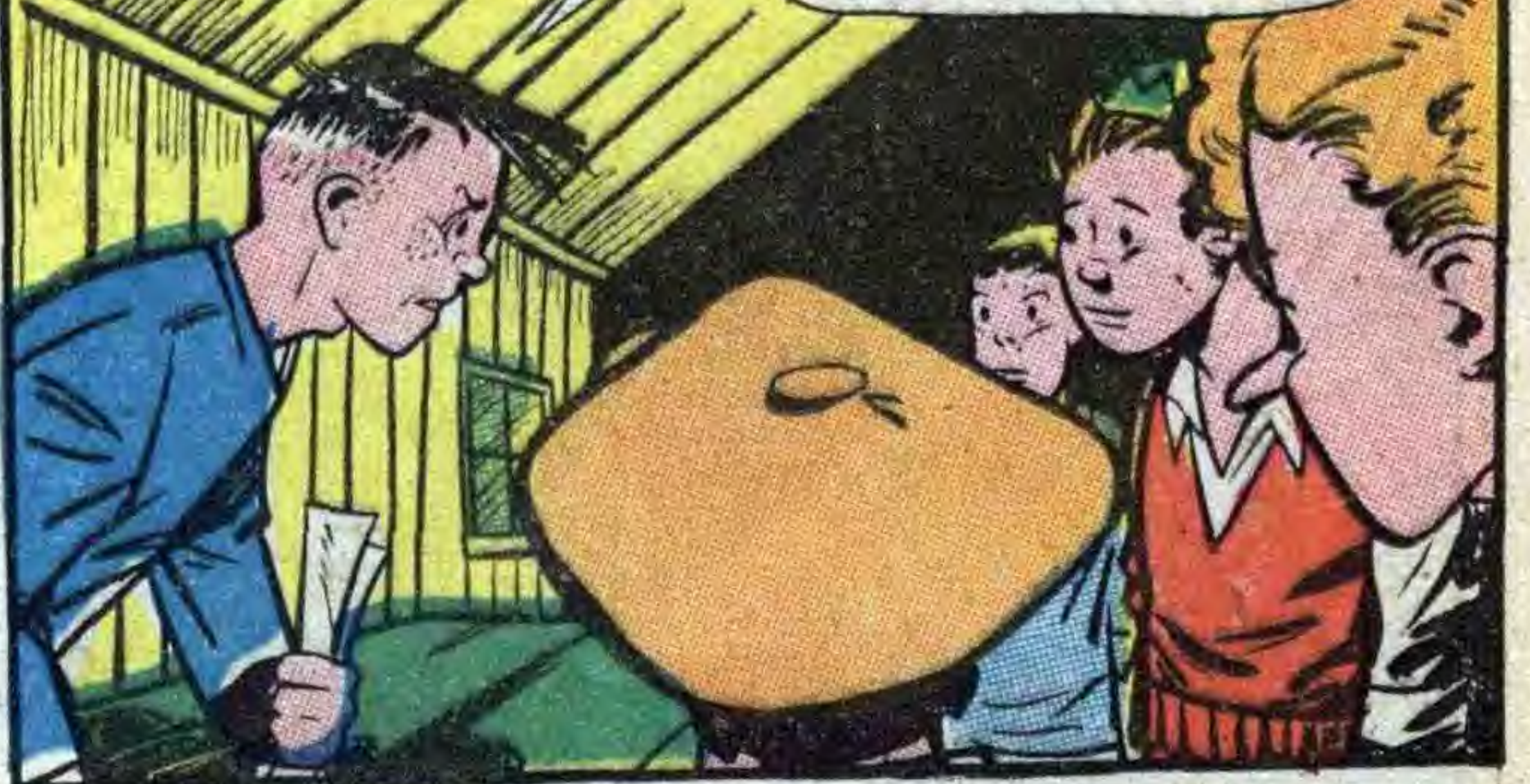
GEE, TEENA-- I OUGHT TO BE A CINCH TO WIN THAT CONTEST--I'VE BEEN WORKING ON PLANS FOR A **SUPER-GLIDER** FOR A LONG TIME-- AND **FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!** GOSH-- THAT AIN'T HAY--

--AND I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT, MICKEY--!



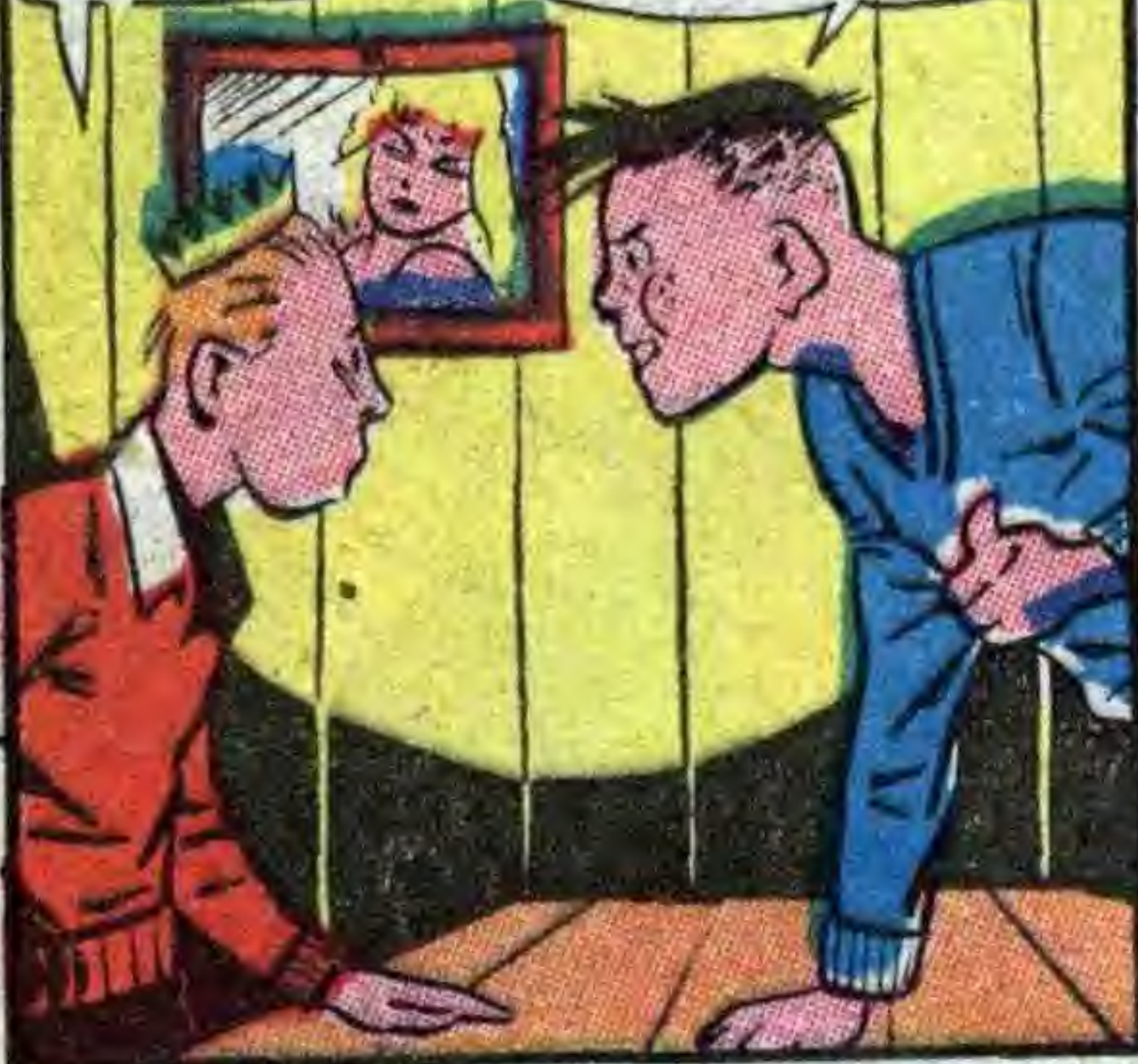
--BUT JUVENILE SKULDUGGERY IS GOING ON AT THE SAME TIME-- LET'S LOOK IN AT "SPECK" O'DONNELL AND HIS GANG OF "LITTLE TOUGH GUYS" AS THEY PLOT IN THEIR "CLUBHOUSE" DOWN BY THE RAILROAD TRACKS--

AND THAT'S THE STORY, FELLAS-- WE JUST GOTTA GET THE PRIZE MONEY--AN' **NOTHIN'** IS GONNA STOP US!



BUT SPECK--WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE WITH THAT MICKEY MITE--HE'S ALREADY MADE A PLANE THAT **FLIES!**

SO WHAT--? WE CAN ALWAYS **STOP** HIM FROM ENTERING THE CONTEST--



AND IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE FOR THE GALA OCCASION--



MY PURPOSE FOR THIS CONTEST IS TO STIMULATE MORE INTEREST IN **FLYING...** WHO KNOWS BUT THAT A FLYING GENIUS WILL COME OUT OF IT AND BRING HONOR TO THE FRIENDLY LITTLE CITY OF ROSEDALE--

IMPORTANT TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOUR HONOR--



YES--? YES, THIS IS MAYOR GRAPPS! YES-- **WHO? GENERAL WILLIAMS?** WHY--IT'S AN **HONOR** OF COURSE!

DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT WAS? **GENERAL WILLIAMS!** THE COMMANDER OF OUR COUNTRY'S AIR FORCES! HE IS TO BE OUR GUEST OF HONOR AT THE GLIDER CONTEST-- THAT WILL BE A PROUD DAY FOR ROSEDALE--!



THE DAYS GO BY SWIFTLY-- THEN, ONE AFTERNOON, AS MICKEY AND TEENA ARE WALKING DOWN ELM STREET--

WELL, TEENA-- I'VE GOT THE GLIDER JUST ABOUT COMPLETED... IN A FEW MORE DAYS I'LL BE READY TO--

OH, MICKEY-- HERE COMES DREADFUL "SPECK" O'DONNELL AND HIS FRIENDS--

I HEAR YOU'RE GONNA ENTER YOUR GLIDER IN DE CONTEST, AND I DON'T LIKE IT, SEE--

WHY NOT--? IT'S OPEN TO EVERYONE!

COME ON, MICKEY-- LET'S NOT TALK TO THESE-- --THESE FRESH KIDS!

JUST BECAUSE HE'S YOUR BOY FRIEND, DON'T THINK YOU CAN BUTT IN WHEN WE'RE TALKING-- **SHUT UP!!**

WHY-- WHY YOU--

THE NERVE OF YOU TO SAY A THING LIKE THAT--!

OWWWW!

SMACK!

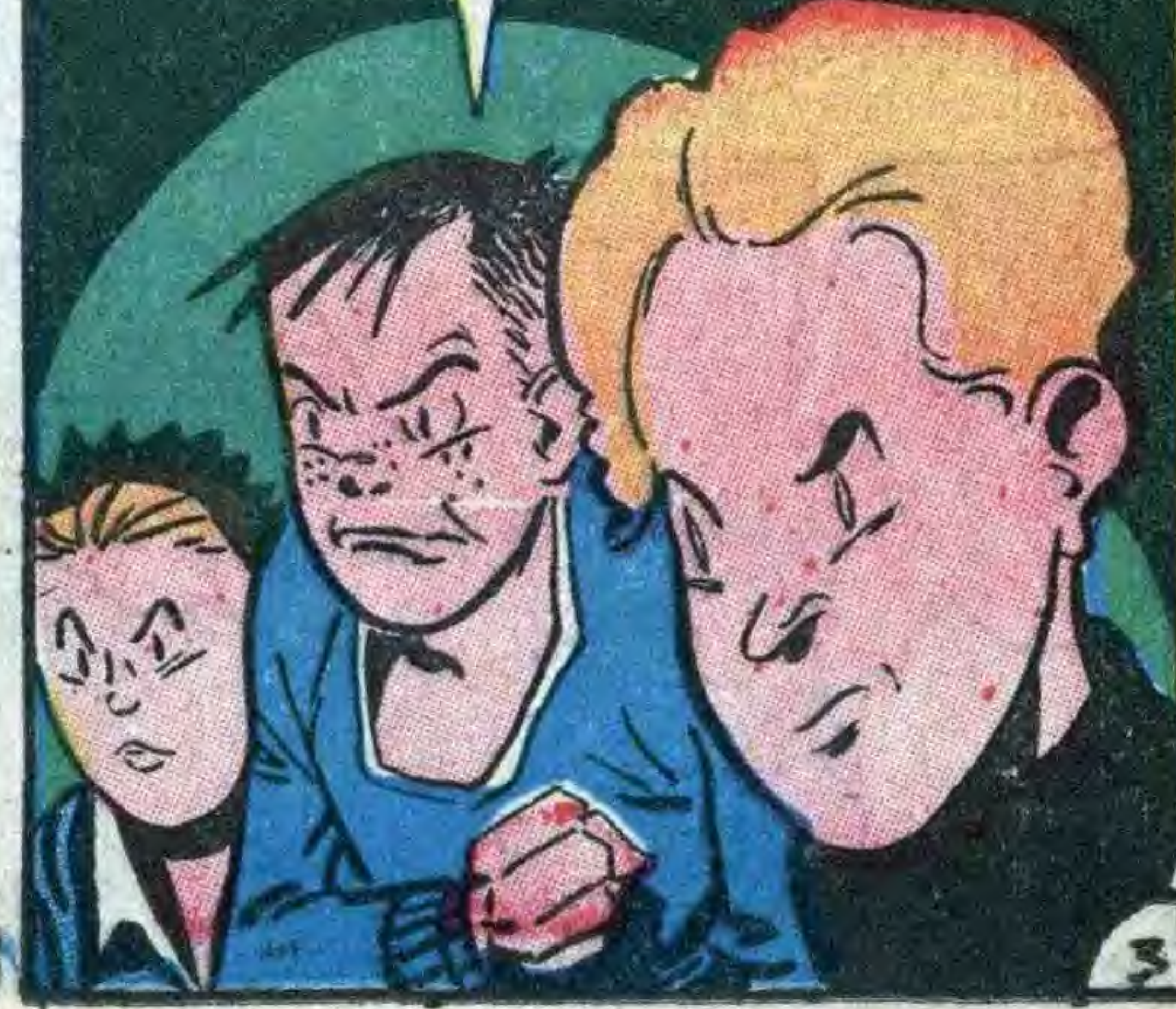


A few seconds later--

LUCKY FOR HIM I DIDN'T TANGLE WITH HIM, BUT I WILL SOME DAY--

GEE, MICKEY-- I ADMIRE YOU FOR BEING SO COOL IN AN EMERGENCY--

I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM-- AND HER TOO-- JUST WAIT AND SEE!



THEN-- THE DAY BEFORE THE BIG EVENT--

WELL, TEENA-- THAT'S THAT--
THE MIGHTY MITE SPECIAL--
SHE'S TESTED, AND SHE'S
PERFECT!

HOW WONDERFUL--!
YOU CAN'T HELP BUT
WINNING... MICKEY--!



BUT-- THERE ARE SPIES, EVERYWHERE

GOSH-- WAIT'LL I TELL "SPECK"
ABOUT **THIS** GLIDER...



LATER-- IN "SPECK'S" CLUBHOUSE--

THE BEST GLIDER IN THE CONTEST, EH?
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS... I'LL TAKE
CARE OF HIM-- AND
HIS GIRL FRIEND, TOO!
I GOTTA LITTLE
SCHEME I WANT
YOU GUYS TO WORK
ON WITH ME--!

WE'RE
WITH YOU,
SPECK--
ANYTHING
YOU SAY--!



FINALLY-- THE MORNING OF THE CONTEST-- AND EVERYONE
IN ROSEDALE TURNS OUT TO WELCOME GEN. WILLIAMS OF
THE ARMY AIR FORCE--

HURRAY FOR
GENERAL
WILLIAMS!

WELCOME
TO
ROSEDALE!



WHILE ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE BALL
PARK, THE GLIDER CONTESTANTS GIVE THEIR
ENTRIES A LAST MINUTE INSPECTION--

THE CATAPULT THROWS
THE GLIDER INTO THE AIR--
THE GLIDER THAT STAYS
UP LONGEST, WINS!

I HOPE TO
GET AT
LEAST ONE
OF THE
PRIZES--



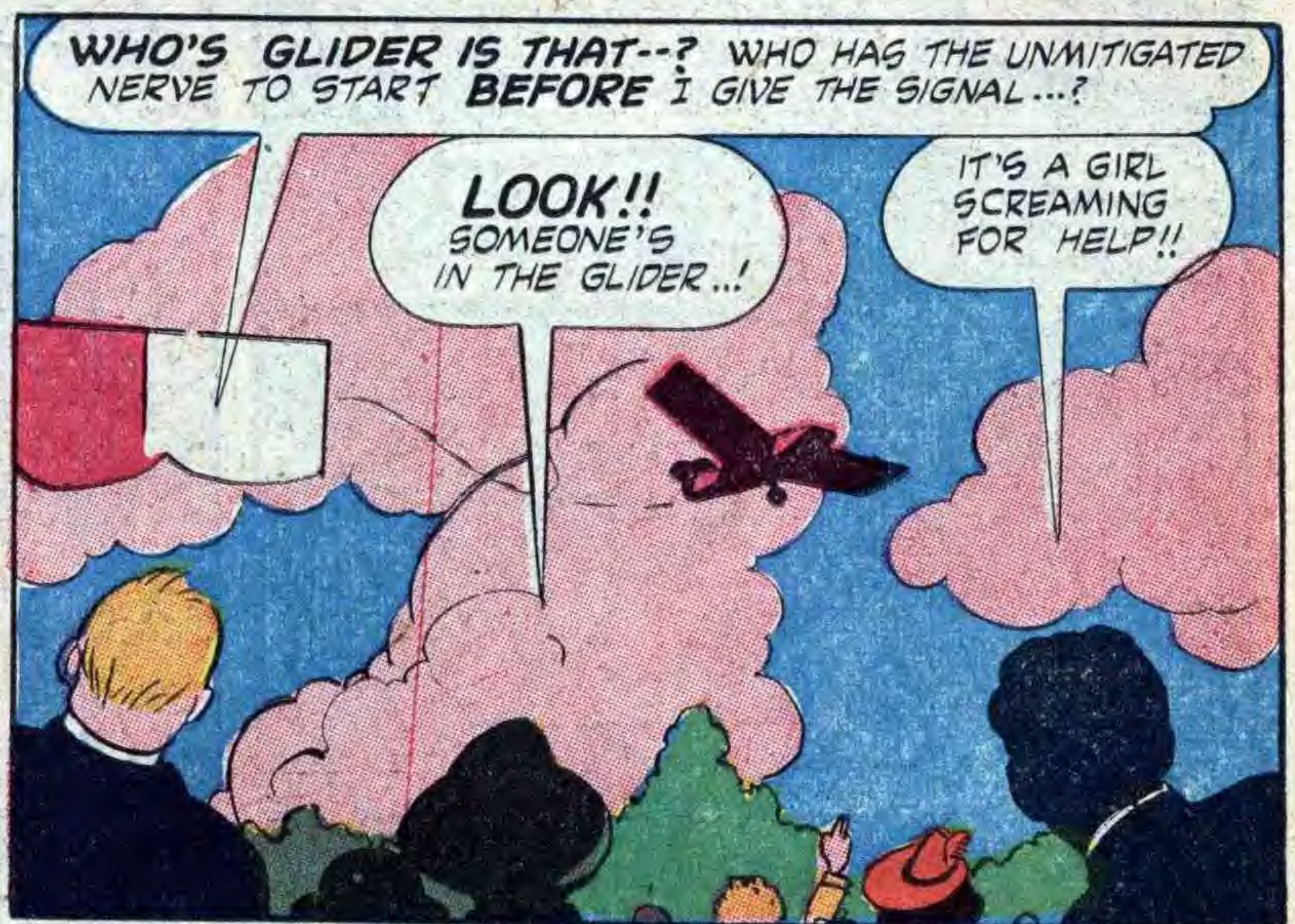
BUT "SPECK" AND HIS GANG ARE UP TO FRESH TREACHERY--

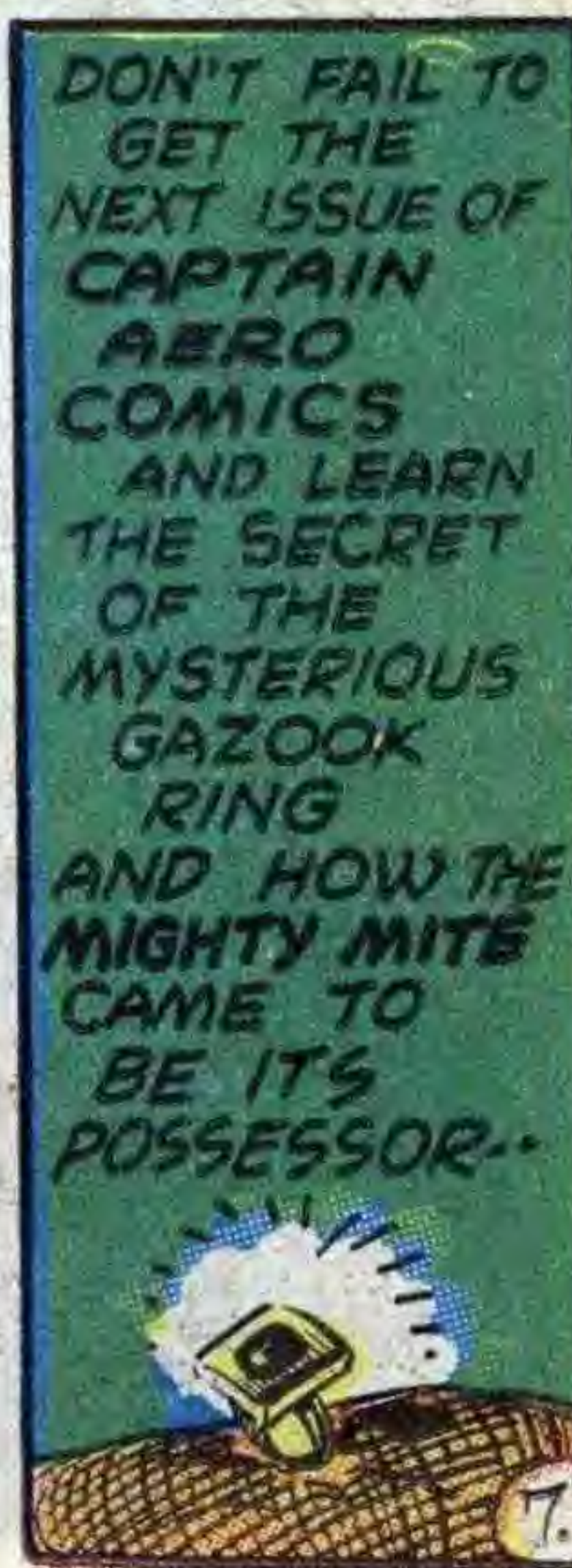
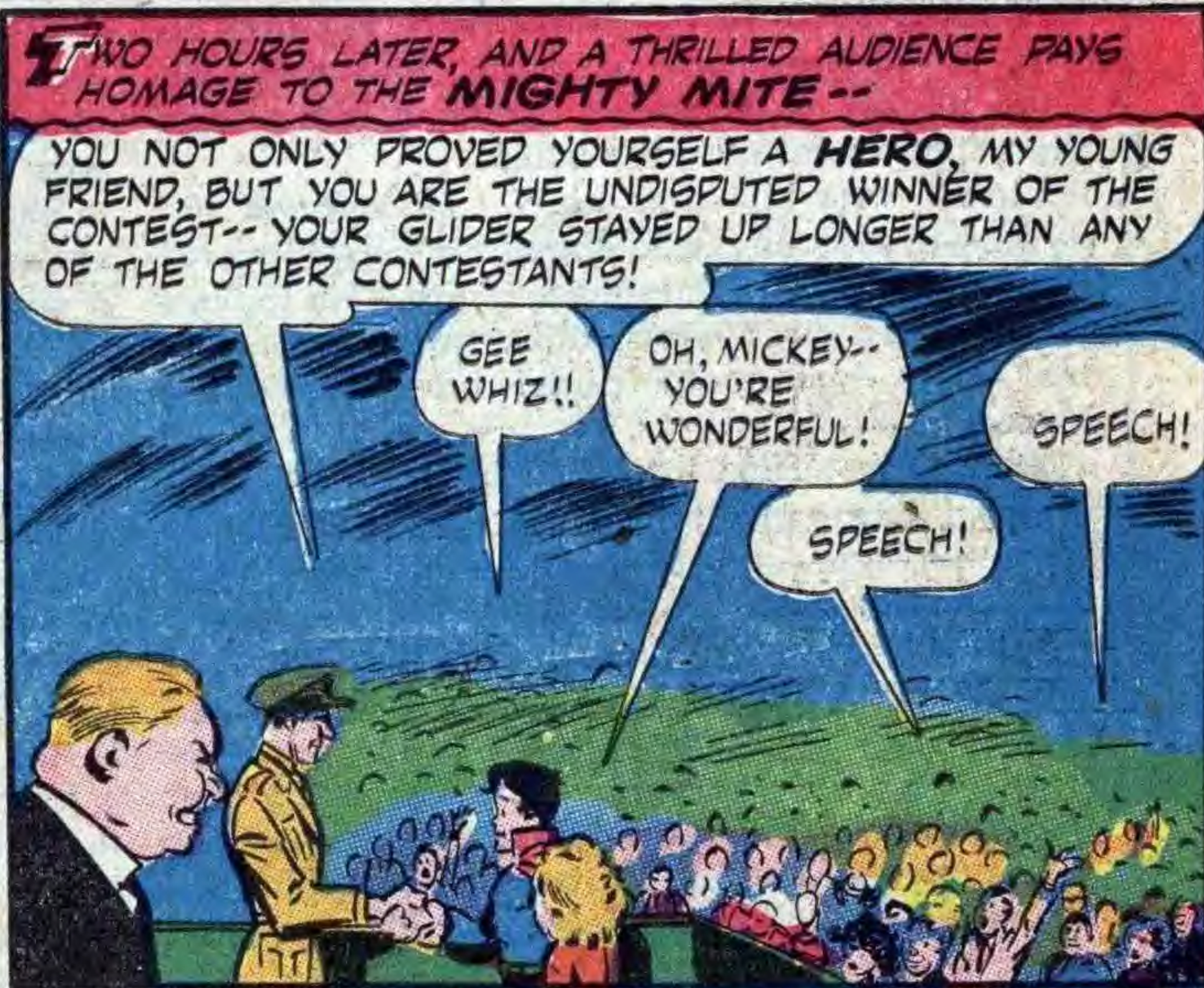
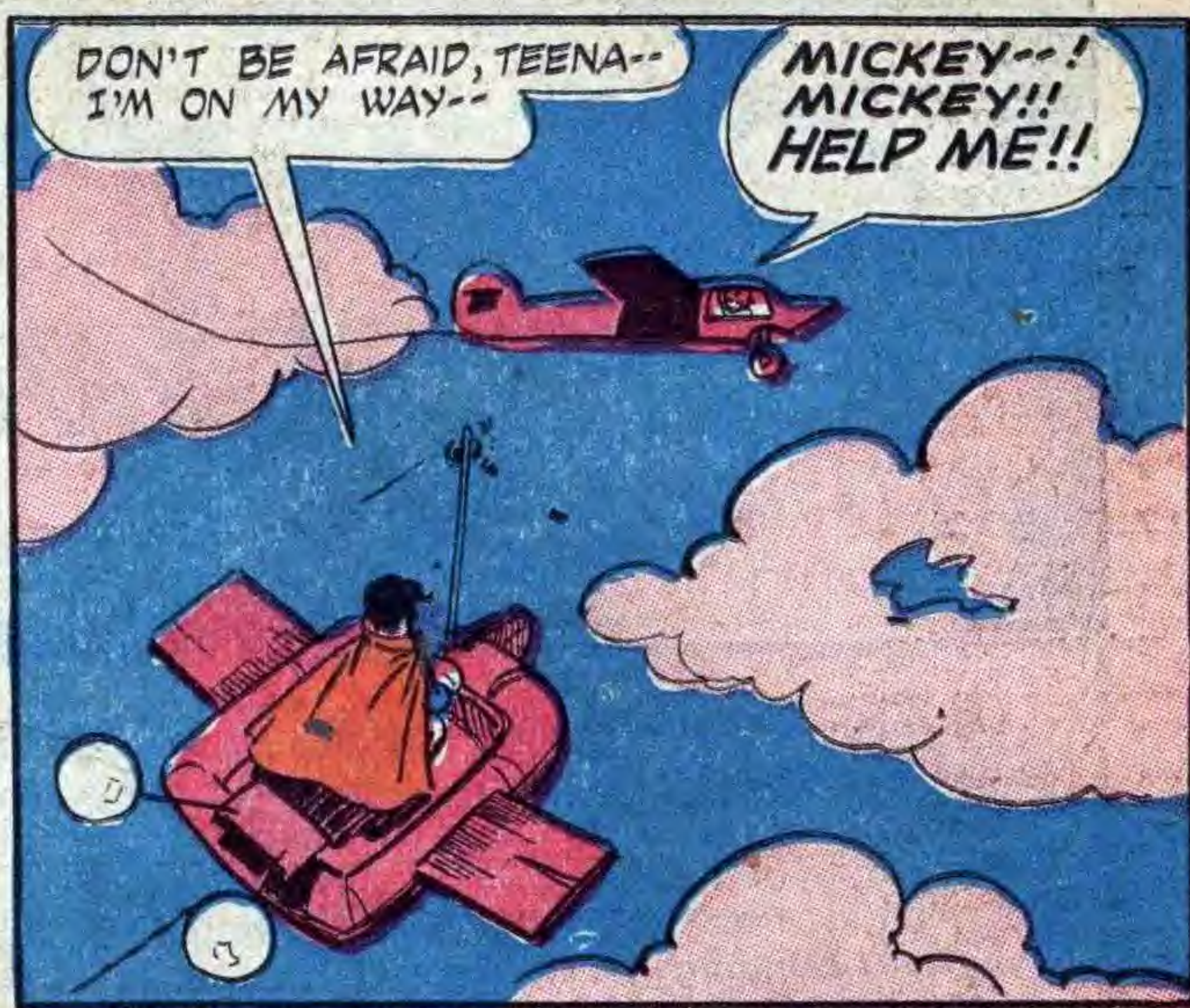
I HOPE MICKEY LIKES MY
NEW DRESS-- AND I **DO** HOPE
HE WINS THE CONTEST--
I'LL BE **SO** PROUD OF
HIM--

WE'LL **KIDNAP** HER JUST
LIKE BIG SHOT GANGSTERS!
THEN WE'LL TAKE HER TO
THE CONTEST GROUNDS
IN MY OLD MAN'S
CAR-- C'MON!









Song of the Moon



The ack-ack was spilling bubbles of black smoke into the sky before it happened. Lieutenant Blaine climbed high to avoid their sombre blossoms and—POW! There was an ear-splitting crash, and the world seemed to come to a blinding end in front of his eyes.

Something was singing in his brain — not humming, because he instinctively felt that he was in the presence of death, and now the Grim Reaper was roaring lustily at him to join the others who had gone before.

Blaine was hit—and hard. He opened his eyes with difficulty, and shook his head several times to chase the numbness away. He looked forward and discovered with a gray horror that his entire instrument panel had been shot away!

But horror turned to amazement, as he dully realized that even though his ship was hit, he was still alive—still in the air—and still flying in a straight line.

Where? How? What to do? All kinds of thoughts raced through his mind. Here he was in a P-40 with no instrument panel. It was night. He didn't know where he was going and the sounds of the air battle that he was just mixed up in hung in the background, like the dying sound effects of some radio fantasy play.

Everything was gone—altimeter, bank and turn indicators, gas gauge, everything. The controls were intact though. How he managed to be in one piece was one of the war's miracles, he thought.

Miracles? Here was a word that suddenly had new meaning to this combat flyer. If miracles did happen, then he certainly was just on the receiving end of one—but—and here he paused. How could he POSSIBLY get back to his base? Here he was, over an instrumented-charted area, where he had no

knowledge of the position of friend or foe alike, in a plane that was miraculously flying by just flying skill alone.

Lieutenant Blaine felt strange. He felt as if he were riding high on a moonbeam of false security with no beginning or end to the plan of HOW he was going to get back.

Below him was blackness. An occasional orange puff down there, told him of some remote artillery duel, but who was who—? Which was which—?

Riding there in the black night, he had a sensation few men have had. No longer was he a smart pilot, with a group of mechanical devices to guide him through this night. He was driving on through the inky stillness, blind—utterly blind because not one single star would appear in the sky to help guide his way.

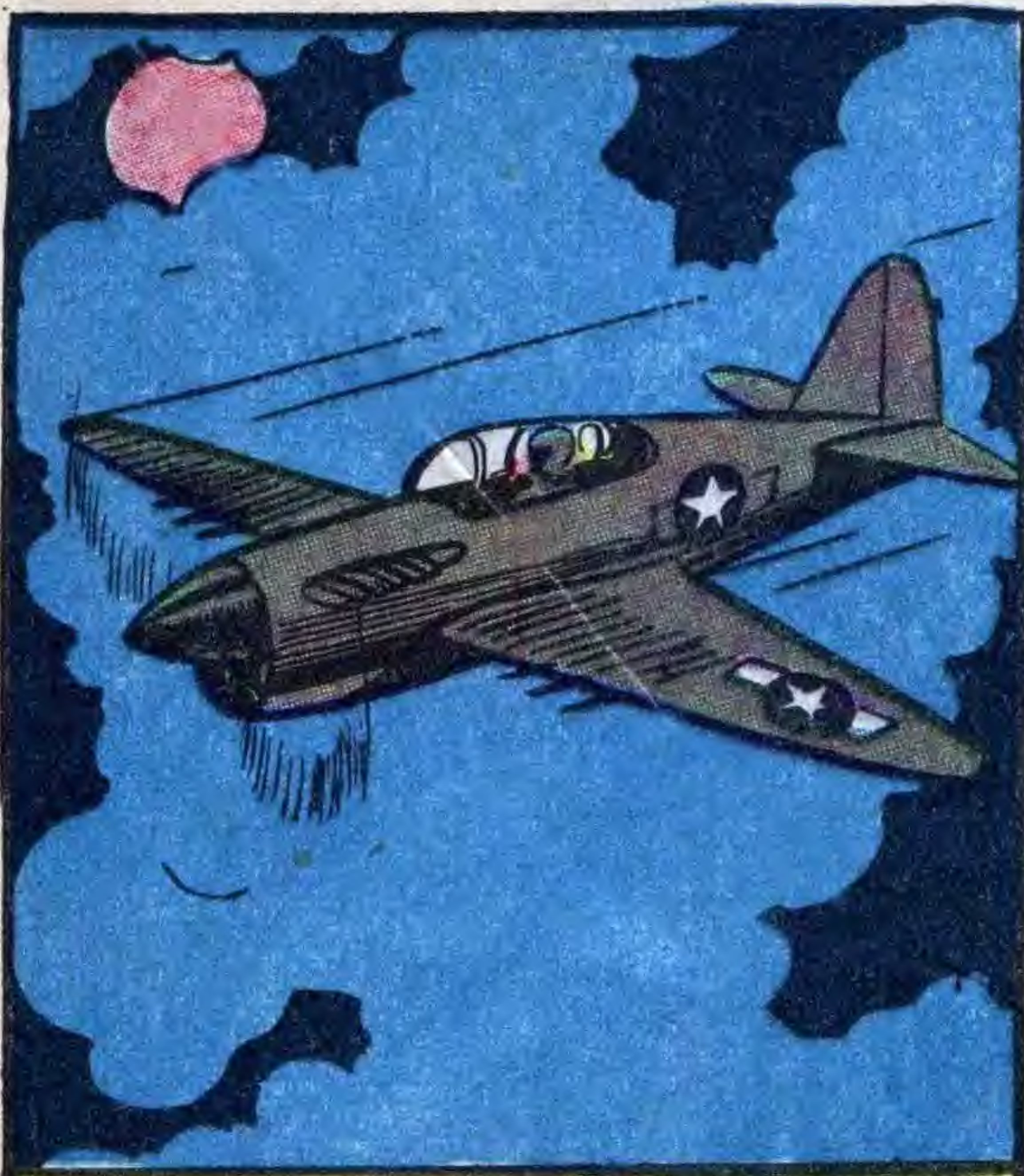
If only the moon would come out. . . .

Wishful thinking. The moon had decided to turn in long ago, even though the weather boys at the base assured everyone through their notices that no such thing would happen.

His propeller plowed the ship forward into a black void. For a moment the thought came to him that he might be blind—and not knowing where he was headed for—but no, blue sparks from his exhaust told him that he still possessed his eyesight. He wasn't injured—just a shocking feeling of numbness as though he was just coming out of ether in some hospital. Where was he going—up or down? East or West? The tremendous impact of the ack-ack hit had caused him to lose all sense of direction and distance. For all he knew, he might be hurtling EARTHWARD at a nice 350-mile an hour clip!

He clenched his teeth hard. Lord, how helpless a man can be whenever the ELEMENTS won't help him! If there was only a moon—some light to help him find his way. . . .

KEEP YOUR FAITH WITH them...



Then he grew panicky. He felt as if he were a diver of Death, in a helpless plane, grinding on into the black night, with no knowledge of how HIGH he was or how low, how much gas, and where he was. He could see it now. The hurtling plane might be skimming over the rooftops now, and then a finale—a terrible ripping, roaring crash, as his life would leave his body.

What good was it to go up? What was up? He might be going down. He might be flying on his side. He might be flying ANY way—every way but upside down.

Lieutenant Blaine settled back in his seat. A calm individual by nature, he argued and reasoned with a trouble-shocked mind.

"No way of knowing," he muttered. "I don't know where or how. All I KNOW is, I'm FLYING. What direction and towards what goal is beyond me. What can I do except wait for the end. Oh—if that moon would only come out. . . ."

Deep thoughts began to stir him. Was this the end of an airman? To be off the ground, and so HELPLESS . . . it was ridiculous. There must be SOME way out. . . .

But no—it was true. Sadly, and bitterly true. He didn't know where he was heading for, and his number was up. What to do now—pray?

Pray? Why not—? If his last thoughts in life were to be worthy ones, why not HOPE for a chance of survival? After all, prayer was hope.

There MIGHT be a chance.

He laughed aloud. What a chance he had! Why, the odds of one in a million were good compared to his chances.

He hoped he wouldn't go crashing into his own lines—his own men—rather if it was to end this way, let his crashing help shorten the war, even if only for a matter of seconds.

He settled back and thought of the huge motor pulling him to destruction. Its reassuring powerful throb was as golden as a chime to his ears, but here it was, a big dynamic giant, just churning the air, and pointed at a sightless goal—the finish—when the blades would be stopped short with an amazed jolt, and go crumpling into shapeless masses as the plane would crash itself into a twisted collection of burning horror.

Fear never entered his heart. At least, . . . felt no fear now. Death seemed a monotonous thing to wait for. There was no glory, no heroics, no fanfare. He was a soldier and had killed. Now, if he were to die, let it be a soldier's death, with no thought of regret, or empty frustration at the opportunity that did not come.

He looked at what he estimated to be the sky. Its sable black sheet seemed to placidly tell him to go—and join the ranks of the other pilots who had gone ahead of him. . . .

Then it happened—the second miracle, and it came in such a wavelength of utter amazement that he was shaken down to his very being.

The moon was coming out!

And as if the great organs of heaven pealed forth beautiful music, he fancied he heard the moon singing to him as it proudly rode the heavens.

Lieutenant Blaine closed his eyes, then opened them again. Moonlight drenched the countryside, and already he began to pick out familiar objects and sites. He was saved! Now, with a little skilled manipulation of whatever controls he had left, he could guide his ship back to the landing field.

He looked up at the moon and grinned. If prayer was hope, then he was all for it. He had hoped for something with such a fervor that it became a form of prayer—or was it? Anyway, he thanked some Higher Power for being alive, and resolved to have a long talk with his Chaplain in the morning.

BUY WAR BONDS
... now!



Oh, say does that
Star Spangled
Banner yet wave--
O'er the land of
the free.
And the home
of the brave--

THE

RED CROSS



JOHN
GIUNTA

NIGHT-- SOMEWHERE ON EUROPE'S CONTINENT--A GROUND CREW NOW AWAITS THE RETURN OF A BOMBER SQUADRON--

THEY'RE OVERDUE NOW--ALMOST AN HOUR--

STOP BEEFIN--! THEY ALWAYS COME IN--

YEAH--SHUT UP, LOU-- YOU KNOW HOW WE ALL FEEL-- THEY'LL COME IN--



THIS IS LOU, AND CHARLIE--AND EDDIE--AND JOHN-- BOYS, ALL-- BUT ENGAGED IN MAN'S WORK-- WAR!!



--AND THIS IS CAPT. DRAKE-- MEDICAL OFFICER IN THE U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS-- IN REALITY, RED CROSS, SAVER OF HUMAN LIFE

RELAX, BOYS-- THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE-- THE SOUND LOCATORS PICKED THEM UP!

NO KIDDIN', SIR, SWELL!

SEE-- I TOLD YOU!



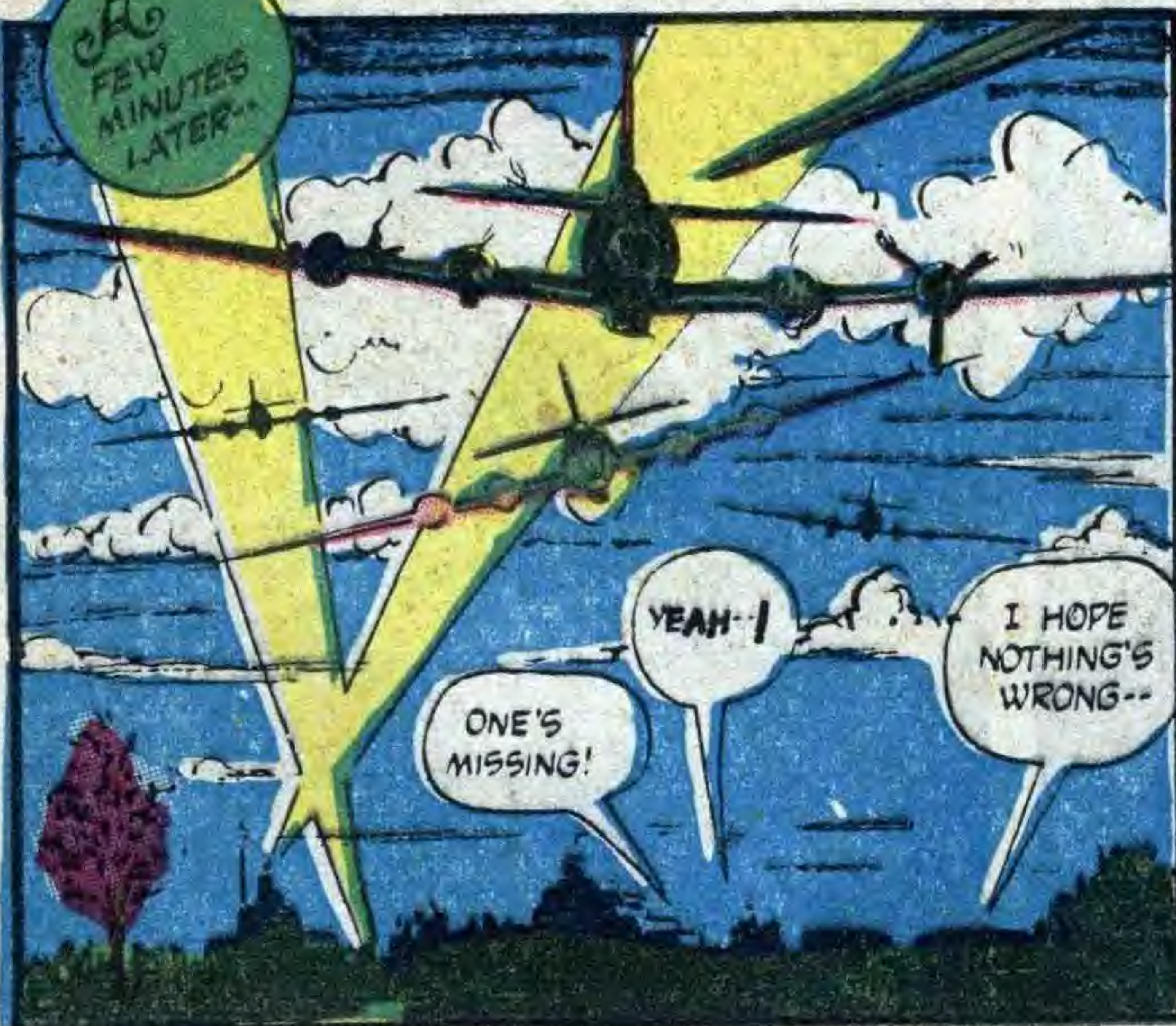
THEY WERE HIT HARD-- PLENTY OF FLAK-- PLENTY OF ENEMY FIGHTERS-- AND THEY'RE NOT ALL TOGETHER--

YOU MEAN--

SO WHAT? THEY'LL COME BACK--



A FEW MINUTES LATER--



ONE'S MISSING!

YEAH--!

I HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG--

AFTER THE PLANES HAVE SET THEMSELVES DOWN ON THE FIELD--SCENES LIKE THIS TAKE PLACE--

EASY WITH HIM-- BOYS-- HE'S HURT BAD--

GOSH-- HE SURE IS

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT-- SO LONG AS CAPT. DRAKE IS AROUND--



LATER-- AT THE BASE HOSPITAL--

I-I--GOT IT, CAPTAIN--I KNOW--BUT IT AIN'T SO TOUGH WHEN YOU KNOW **WHY!**... IT'S FOR SOMETHING DECENT AND CLEAN-- AND-AND-- OHHH--



DEAD--!
OUT OF REACH
OF MEDICAL
AID--



THE TIRED OFFICER THEN GOES OUT ON THE NOW DESERTED AND BLACKED-OUT LANDING FIELD--

I CAN HEAL BROKEN BODIES-- BUT, THERE'S NO NEED TO HEAL THE **MINDS** OF THESE BOYS-- THEY'RE WILLING TO DIE SO THAT OTHERS CAN BE **FREE!**



THEY ALL RETURNED EXCEPT ONE-- THE **BOUNCIN' BETSY!** WHAT A CREW!-- A GREATER BUNCH OF MEN YOU'D NEVER WANT TO MEET--



THERE WAS BILL WILLIAMS-- LIEUTENANT BILL, IF YOU PLEASE, BUT NONE WOULD CALL HIM THAT-- JUST BILL-- HE EXPLAINED **WHY, ONCE--**

WHEN WE'RE UP THERE, LET'S FORGET FORMALITIES-- WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT--

YOU BET-- HEY, BILL-- MEET OUR NEW TAIL GUNNER -- LARRY HASKELL--



HY'A LARRY-- READY TO GET WITH IT, SON--?

I SURE AM, LIEUTENANT-- ER-- I MEAN BILL-- GOSH, I WANTA GET MY LICKS AND HELP GET THIS THING OVER WITH SO WE CAN GET BACK HOME--



-- HOME-- THAT WORD MEANS MORE THAN A PLACE TO GO TO A SOLDIER-- HOME IS A HAVEN OF LOVE-- HOME IS WHERE HEARTS ARE-- THE HEARTS OF THESE BOYS--

YEAH LARRY-- I GUESS WE ALL FEEL THAT WAY. I'VE GOT A SWELL WIFE AND A LITTLE KID-- HE'S ONLY A BABY--

YEAH-- REMEMBER WHEN YOUR WIFE SENT THE BLUE BABY BOOT TO YOU? WE ALL HAD SOME PART THAT NIGHT!

AND HOW!

--DON'T THINK THAT GROWN MEN CAN'T BE SENTIMENTAL--
I'VE SEEN PLENTY OF THEM BRUSH AWAY A STRAY TEAR AS
THEY THINK OF THINGS LIKE WIVES, BABIES, MOTHERS, AND
SISTERS--

OH WELL--WE'LL GET
BACK--WE HAVE A JOB
TO DO-- COME ON,
FELLOWS--

SURE! WHAT IS THIS--? A
WAILING WALL? COME ON--
LET'S GIVE IT TO THOSE RATS
WHO MADE US COME OVER
HERE TO STRAIGHTEN 'EM OUT!



--THAT'S HOW IT GOES--WAR!--WHAT A FOOLISH
WAY TO SETTLE A PROBLEM--I'M TIRED--I THINK
I'LL GO BACK AND TRY TO SLEEP--I GUESS BOUNCIN'
BETSY HAD A DATE WITH DESTINY--AND KEPT IT--



SUDDENLY--

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER--AND THE TIRED MEDICAL
OFFICER PAUSES TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE, AND RE-
FLECT ON MATTERS OUT OF HIS DOMAIN--

SOME DAY--SOMEONE WILL WRITE A SAGA ABOUT
WAR AS IT IS --- AND WHEN EVERY HUMAN
BEING READS IT, THERE WILL BE **NO MORE**
WAR--NO MORE!



THAT'S STRANGE-- I HEAR A PLANE LAND-
ING--RIGHT NEARBY-- WHO CAN IT BE AT THIS
HOUR--? I THOUGHT THAT ALL SCHEDULES WERE
CHECKED--



WHY ISN'T THE GROUND CREW OUT
TO TAKE CARE OF IT--?



THIS--IS PECULIAR-- THE PLANE STOPS-- AND NO ONE
GETS OUT-- I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON--?
LOOK--! IT'S THE BOUNCIN' BETSY--?



EMPTY--? IS THIS REAL--? I SAW
IT LAND-- AND NOW I LOOK IN -- AND
NO ONE IS INSIDE-- I--I THINK THAT
I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE FIELD
COMMANDER--



BUT I'LL GO TO
MY QUARTERS FIRST
AND GET THE DAY'S
BRIEFING PAPERS--
THIS IS ONE OF
THE ODDEST
THINGS I'VE
EVER SEEN--



IT'S VERY PECULIAR THAT THIS PLANE
COULD LAND AT **ALL**-- AND THE
FACT THAT IT'S **EMPTY**-- !!
I WONDER WHERE THE CREW COULD BE?



WE ARE HERE, CAPTAIN DRAKE!
ALL OF US---

WH---?



DON'T BE AMAZED--
CAPTAIN DRAKE-- WE
KNOW THAT YOU ARE
THE **RED CROSS**--
THAT IS WHY WE ARE
HERE BEFORE WE
TRAVEL ON--

TRAVEL ON? BILL,
WHAT ARE YOU DO-
ING HERE--? WHY
HAVEN'T YOU
REPORTED TO THE
COMMANDING
OFFICER?



IM AFRAID IT'S A BIT TOO
LATE FOR THAT, CAPTAIN
DRAKE-- YOU SEE WE ARE
ALL **DEAD!** BUT WE
LANDED OUR SHIP AS YOU
HAVE SEEN!

DEAD? WHAT KIND
OF AGHASTLY JOKE
IS THIS--? WHO ARE
THOSE MEN WITH
YOU?



THEY'RE MY CREW--
WE BAILED OUT-- OUR
SHIP WAS HIT WITH FLAK--
A LOT OF IT-- BUT THE EN-
EMY GOT US ON THE WAY
DOWN-- AS WE WERE
DANGLING IN OUR PARA-
CHUTES-- ARE YOU
AFRAID?

NO--NO-- OF COURSE I'M
NOT AFRAID--BUT--BUT--
IT'S **UNREAL!** IT
CAN'T BE! BUT WHY
ARE YOU HERE TO SEE
ME?



IF YOU WILL GRANT US A FAVOR--WE SHOULD LIKE
TO HAVE YOU DON YOUR COSTUME OF THE RED CROSS,
AND COME WITH US--
WE HAVE THINGS
TO SHOW AND
TELL YOU--

OF COURSE--OF COURSE--
HERE-- I HAVE IT ON--UNDER
MY CLOTHES--



BECAUSE, AS THE **RED CROSS**,
YOU CAN MAKE **OUR** MESSAGE
HEARD! WE HAVE A STORY
TO TELL YOU--WE WON'T
TAKE MUCH OF YOUR TIME--
AND THEN WE'LL BE ON
OUR WAY--

THEN GO
AHEAD--WHAT
IS IT--? WHAT
DO YOU WANT TO
TELL ME? I'LL LISTEN



A FEW SECONDS LATER--

WE'LL ALL GET IN THE PLANE--AT OUR PLACES,
AND RECONSTRUCT FOR YOU, WHAT
HAPPENED ON OUR
LAST FLIGHT!

I'M WITH YOU-- I'M
ANXIOUS TO KNOW
YOUR MESSAGE!



--YOU WILL SOON LEARN-- YOU SEE, IT WAS LAST
NIGHT THAT WE STARTED ON OUR BOMBING MISSION--
WE LEFT OUR BASE--AND SOON WERE OVER GERMANY--
LOADED WITH BOMBS--



--WE CAME TO OUR OBJECTIVE--UNLOADED OUR BOMBS,
AND WERE STARTING BACK WHEN--

LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE-- THIS PLACE
IS **HOT!**

HOLD ON, GUYS-- I'M
GOING TO **CLIMB!**
THIS FLAK IS **TOO**
MUCH!







WE FIGHT TO **PROTECT** WHAT WE HAVE NOW--WE DON'T **CHOOSE** WARS -- THROUGHOUT TIME, AS YOU KNOW--THEY HAVE BEEN THRUST UPON US --

THEN THESE MEN ARE A CROSS-SECTION OF THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO LAY DOWN THEIR LIVES FOR AMERICAN IDEALS?



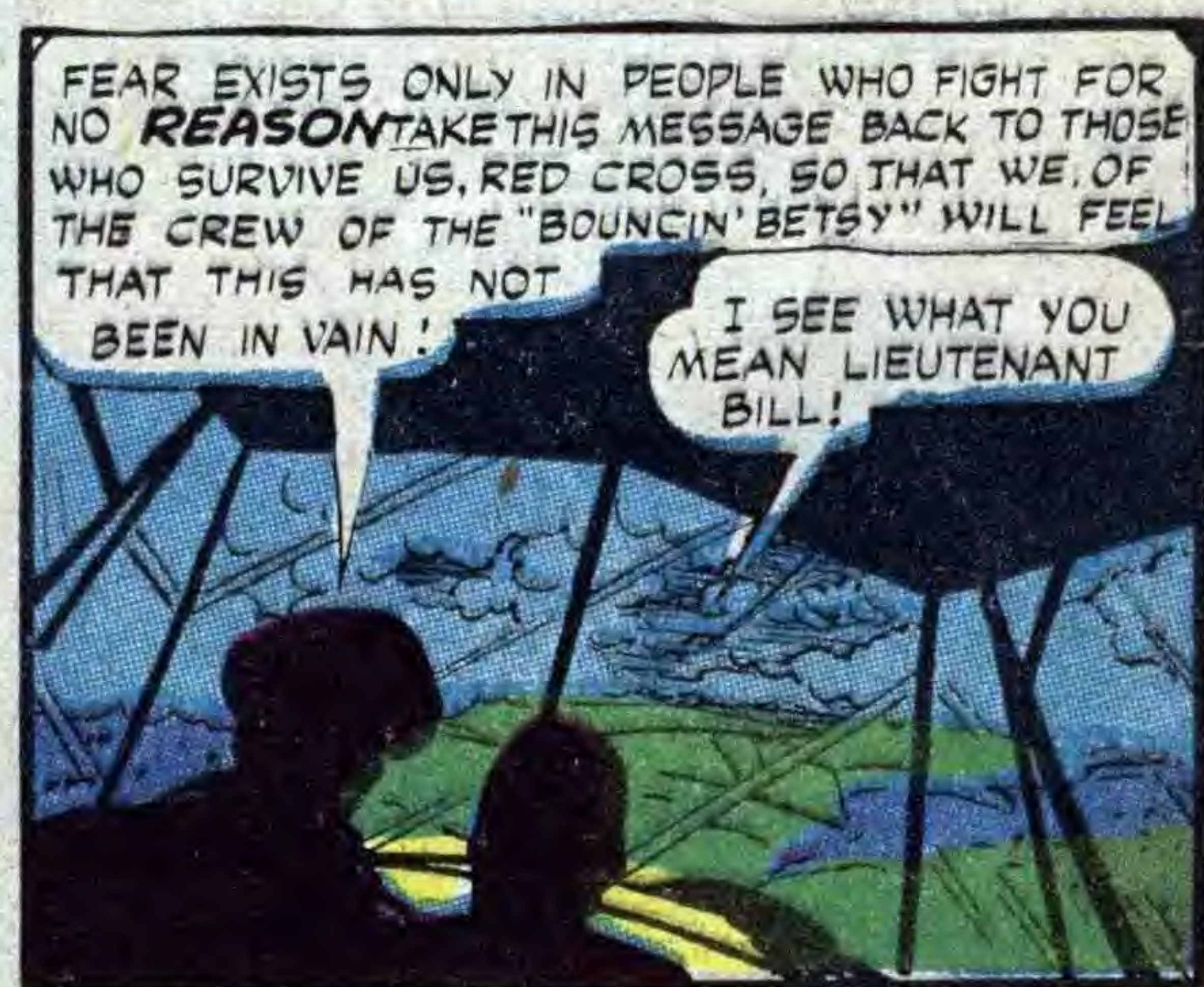
YES--THEY ARE! THEY ALL HAVE MOTHERS, FATHERS, WIVES, SWEETHEARTS AND CHILDREN WHO WILL MOURN THEM!

--AND THEY GLADLY GAVE THESE THINGS UP SO THAT A FUTURE GENERATION CAN ENJOY THE BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM-- HOW TRULY **GREAT** THEY ARE!



YES--THEY **ARE** GREAT! AND IT IS OUR HOPE THAT YOU, RED CROSS, WILL TAKE A MESSAGE BACK TO THOSE WHO THINK OF WAR AS A **HERO'S** HOLIDAY-- THEY ARE **ALL** **HEROES**-- EVERY ONE OF THESE MEN!

THEY DIED SO THAT OTHERS MIGHT LIVE-- THEY **KNEW** THE DANGERS AND STILL THEY WERE NOT AFRAID--



FEAR EXISTS ONLY IN PEOPLE WHO FIGHT FOR NO **REASON** TAKE THIS MESSAGE BACK TO THOSE WHO SURVIVE US, RED CROSS, SO THAT WE, OF THE CREW OF THE "BOUNCIN' BETSY" WILL FEEL THAT THIS HAS NOT BEEN IN VAIN!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN LIEUTENANT BILL!



GOODBYE -- AND GOD SPEED YOU ON YOUR JOURNEY--

GOODBYE RED CROSS-- WE ARE GOING TO OTHER PLACES-- OUR MINDS ARE AT EASE NOW!



GOODBYE- G-G-GOOD- BYE--GOODBYE---

CAPTAIN DRAKE! CAPTAIN DRAKE-- WHAT'S THE MATTER--?



The *TOPS* in Punch and Power!

Captain **AERO**

COMICS

America's No. 1 Mystery Comic

TERRIFIC COMICS

WITH Kid Terrific and Jimmie

- BOOMERANG
- MOLLY O'MOORE
- BUCK 'N BRONCHO

and loads of others...



THERE'S NO RATION ON EXCITEMENT IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF

CAT-MAN

COMICS starring

THE CATMAN and the KITTEN



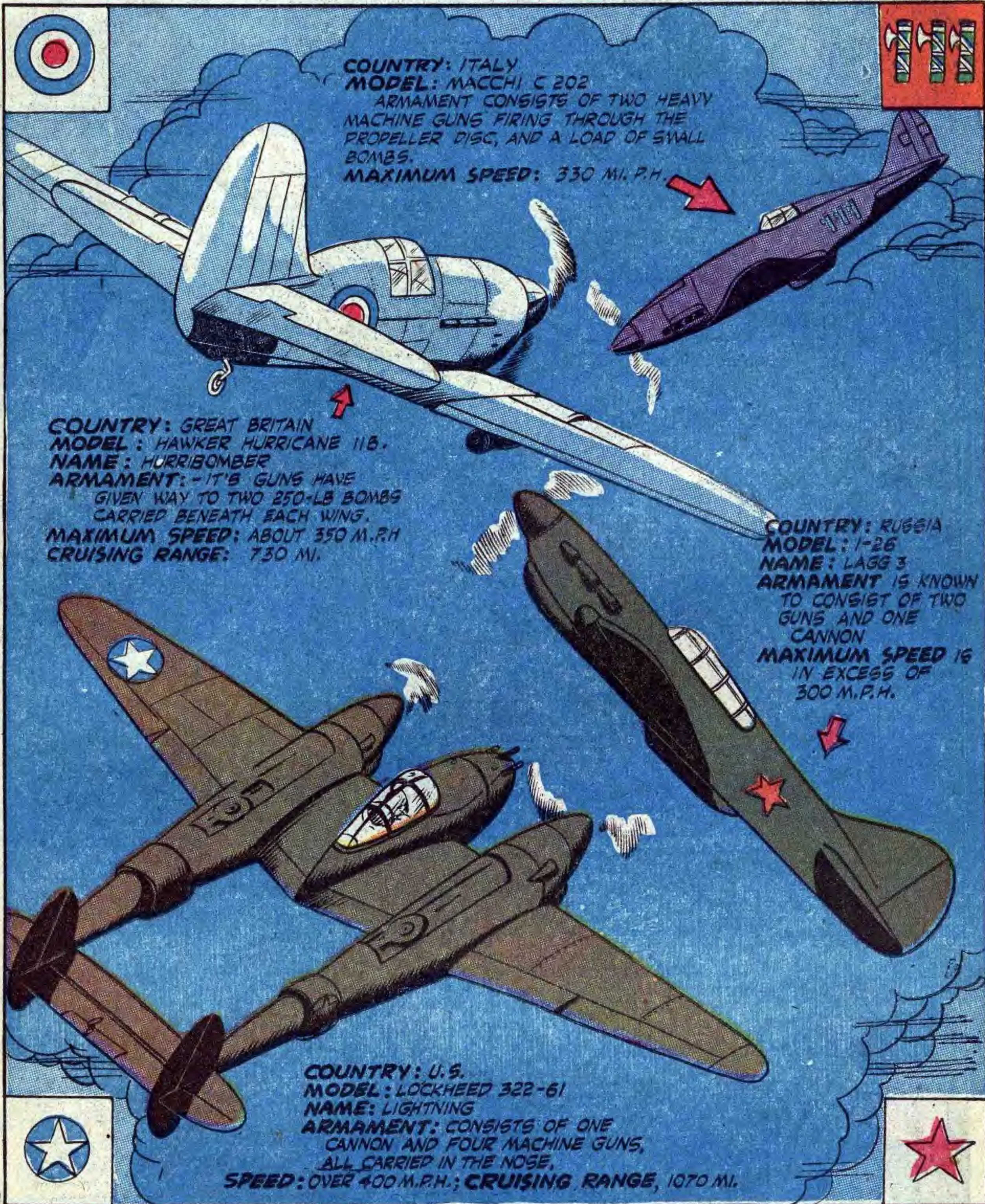
SUSPENSE COMICS

featuring

'MR. NOBODY' and 'THE GREY MASK'

plus many other thrilling mystery stories...

Know Your Warplanes



COUNTRY: ITALY

MODEL: MACCHI C 202

ARMAMENT CONSISTS OF TWO HEAVY MACHINE GUNS FIRING THROUGH THE PROPELLER DISC, AND A LOAD OF SMALL BOMBS.

MAXIMUM SPEED: 330 MI. P.H.

COUNTRY: GREAT BRITAIN

MODEL: HAWKER HURRICANE II B.

NAME: HURRIBOMBER

ARMAMENT: - IT'S GUNS HAVE GIVEN WAY TO TWO 250-LB BOMBS CARRIED BENEATH EACH WING.

MAXIMUM SPEED: ABOUT 350 M.P.H.

CRUISING RANGE: 730 MI.

COUNTRY: RUSSIA

MODEL: I-26

NAME: LAGG 3

ARMAMENT IS KNOWN TO CONSIST OF TWO GUNS AND ONE CANNON

MAXIMUM SPEED IS IN EXCESS OF 300 M.P.H.

COUNTRY: U.S.

MODEL: LOCKHEED 322-61

NAME: LIGHTNING

ARMAMENT: CONSISTS OF ONE CANNON AND FOUR MACHINE GUNS, ALL CARRIED IN THE NOSE.

SPEED: OVER 400 M.P.H.; **CRUISING RANGE,** 1070 MI.

Miss VICTORY

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE
CONFIDENTIAL--

WARN ALL PILOTS IN
AREA B OF NEW JAPANESE PLANE
OF UNUSUAL DESIGN FLOWN BY AN EX-
TRAORDINARILY SKILLED PILOT RESPON-
SIBLE FOR MANY AMERICAN LOSSES
BECAUSE OF ABILITY TO SUDDENLY
APPEAR WITHOUT WARNING AND
OVERCOME OUR FLYERS WITH SUPER-
IOR GUN-FIRE....
COL. F.C. McDERMOTT
U.S. AIR FORCE

Miss Victory
GOES TO THE COMBAT
ZONE!! HERE WAS NEWS
THAT STRUCK TERROR INTO
THE LITTLE BROWN, SLANT-
EYED NIPPONESE.. THAT IS, ALL
EXCEPT ONE WHO DARED TO
LURE OUR FIGHTING FEMALE
INTO THE SKY! FOLLOW THE
ADVENTURE OF JOAN WAYNE,
THE FORMER STENOGRAPHER,
AS SHE PITS HER STRENGTH
AGAINST THE CLEVER
SCHEMING SUSU MENKA
FROM TOKYO!

Nino
Albright

THIS IS JOAN WAYNE SPEAKING. HERE IS A GIRL
WHO CAN TRACE HER ANCESTRY BACK TO THE
GREAT AMERICAN SOLDIER "MAD ANTHONY" WAYNE
OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY,
COLONEL McDERMOTT, AND I
STILL WANT TO TAKE A TRY AT IT!

IT'S A BIG JOB, MISS WAYNE!
IN THE COMBAT AREA-- THE NIPS
WILL BE ALL
AROUND YOU!

THIS SPOT IS WHERE MOST OF THE PLANES
WERE SHOT DOWN-- THIS SPECIAL JAP PLANE
MUST BE LOCATED ON ONE OF THESE SMALL
ISLANDS-- THEY'RE ALL JAP HELD NOW-- YOUR

ASSIGNMENT WILL BE
TO MAKE A SURVEY
OF THIS AREA WITH
THE THOUGHT IN
MIND FOR A
BOMBER FERRY
SERVICE BE-
TWEEN HERE
AND THERE!

YES,
COLONEL!

ORDINARILY, THIS WOULD BE A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FROM HEADQUARTERS WITH A DETAIL OF OBSERVATION PLANES FLOWN TO THE SPOT--BUT THE APPEARANCE OF THIS NEW LONE MENACE CHANGES ALL THAT-- SOMEONE WITH **YOUR** ABILITY AND KNOWLEDGE OF FERRYING BOMBERS HAS TO APPEAR THERE **FIRST**, AND LAY OUT THE NECESSARY GROUNDWORK-- YOU WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY TWO AIRFORCE OFFICERS!



VERY WELL, COLONEL-- WISH ME LUCK!

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, AT THE OFFICER'S CLUB IN SAN FRANCISCO--



HELLO, HARGRAVES-- RIGHT ON TIME -- SIT DOWN --

RIGHT, KERRIGAN-- DID SHE SHOW UP YET?

YEAH--AND WE ALL HAVE TO WEAR THESE "V'S" ON OUR SHOULDERS SO WE'LL ALL RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER!



KERRIGAN! **LOOK!** DO YOU WANT TO SEE SOMETHING **BEAUTIFUL?**

NO! WHEN DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A WOMAN WHO WAS ON TIME? BESIDES, I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE --AND I DON'T CARE!



THESE CONFIDENTIAL ASSIGNMENTS SURE ARE **CONFIDENTIAL!** IMAGINE TWO LIEUTENANTS BEING ORDERED TO MEET A STRANGE GIRL IN THE OFFICER'S CLUB--!



SHE'S ALL RIGHT-- IT WOULDN'T BE BAD IF THAT FLYING FEMALE LOOKED JUST A LITTLE BIT LIKE **HER!**

NO SUCH LUCK-- JOAN WAYNE'S PROBABLY ONE OF THOSE BIG TOUGH OUTDOOR GIRLS!

GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN! I'M JOAN WAYNE! I BELIEVE WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT!



HUH??!! YOU'RE JOAN WAYNE?

SIT DOWN, MISS WAYNE, --RIGHT HERE!

FEW MINUTES LATER--

THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE HAS ITS REASONS IN ASKING US TO MEET HERE-- OBVIOUSLY IT IS THE MOST INCONSPICUOUS PLACE BECAUSE OF ITS INFORMALITY-- HOWEVER, I AM HANDING YOU SEALED INSTRUCTIONS-- WE ARE LEAVING TONIGHT--



SUITS ME FINE!

ME TOO!

THAT NIGHT, JOAN WAYNE'S SLEEK PLANE WINGS ITS WAY OVER THE BROAD PACIFIC--



AND ITS OCCUPANTS MAP OUT THE ASSIGNMENT GIVEN THEM--

OUR JOB IS TO MAKE A REGULAR LINE SURVEY--CHECK WEATHER CONDITIONS, AND MAP OUT GOOD LANDING FACILITIES!

MOST OF THESE LITTLE ISLANDS HERE ARE CONTROLLED BY JAPS!

RIGHT! AND THERE'S **ONE** JAP IN PARTICULAR THAT I'D LIKE TO MEET!

IN THE AIR!



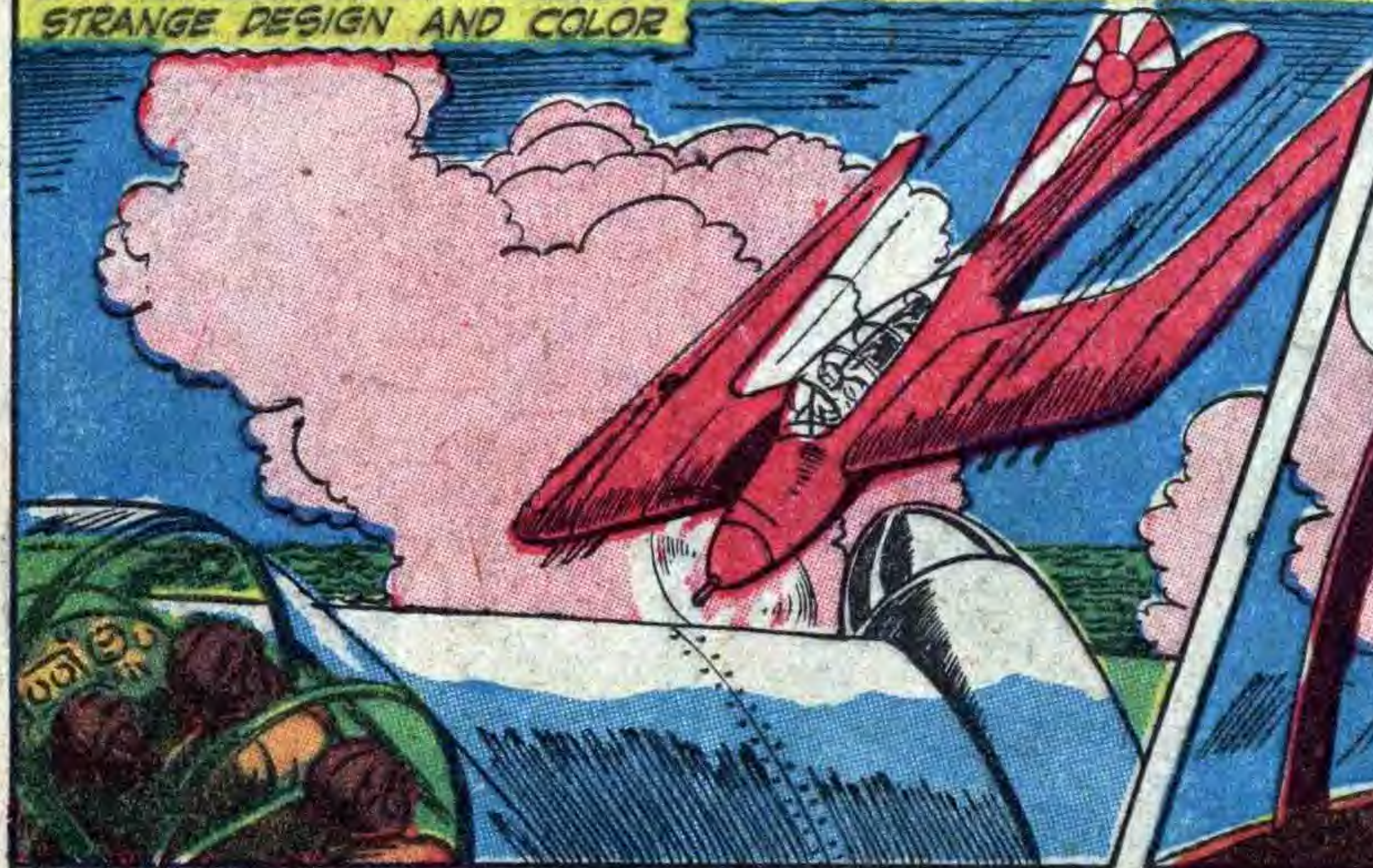
HOURS LATER--

WE SHOULD REACH SECTOR 'G' WITHIN THE NEXT HALF HOUR!

KERRIGAN! WHAT'S THAT FLYING TOWARD US--A **COMET**?



ALL EYES TURN TOWARD THE SPOT, AND, SWOOPING DOWN OUT OF THE HEAVENS AT A TERRIFYING SPEED COMES A PLANE OF STRANGE DESIGN AND COLOR



AND IN ITS COCKPIT SITS A GOGGLED, SILENT FIGURE WHO PEERS STRAIGHT AHEAD AT THE NEWCOMERS TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC SKIES

OH-HO-- THAT PLANE! I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT IT-- **MISS VICTORY!** THIS IS GOING TO BE A PLEASURE!



IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE **BATTLE** ON OUR HANDS! WILL YOU GENTLEMEN KINDLY TURN YOUR BACKS FOR A MOMENT?

SURE-- BUT WHY?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS-- SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING!



AN INSTANT LATER--

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! NOW YOU KNOW WHY!

MISS VICTORY!

WOW! THIS IS DYNAMITE!



"DYNAMITE" IS RIGHT, BECAUSE AT THE CONTROLS OF HER OWN SHIP, MISS VICTORY CAN PACK A MEAN WALLOP--

THAT GUY MEANS BUSINESS!

WHERE' YOUR GUNS, MISS VICTORY!

FLICK OF A SWITCH, AND INSTANTLY MISS VICTORY'S SHIP BECOMES A FLYING ARSENAL--

THIS IS FANTASTIC!

AND I'M GOING TO **NEED** THEM TOO!

MISS VICTORY IS RIGHT, FOR IT IS APPARENT THAT THE LONE ENEMY IS POSSESSED OF SUPER SKILL AND EQUIPMENT.

TAC-A-TAC-A-TAC-A-TAC

THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN I'LL **HAVE** TO USE EVERY TRICK I KNOW!

AGGHH-R-R-R!

HARGRAVES!
HARGRAVES!

HE-HE-S
DEAD!!

A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE SKY BATTLE IS UNDER WAY WITH TWO CLEVER DUELISTS IN THE COCKPITS OF TWO STRANGE SHIPS!

I CAN'T SEEM TO EVEN **REACH** HIM! HE'S THE **FASTEST** NIP I EVER SAW!

GAD! WHAT FLYING!

CLIMBING OUT OF THE RANGE OF MISS VICTORY'S FIRE-POWER, THE NIPPONESE SHIP EXECUTES A LONG STREAMING ROLL COMING IN FOR THE KILL!

HERE HE COMES AGAIN, MISS VICTORY!

I KNOW, KERRIGAN!
DUCK!

ONCE MORE, A HAIL OF JAPANESE
LEAD COMES POUNDING THROUGH
MISS VICTORY'S CRAFT--



TAC-A-TAC--
A-TAC-A-TAC!!

AND ONCE MORE FINDS
ITS MARK--

UGH-H-H!!
MY CHEST--
UGH-H-H--!

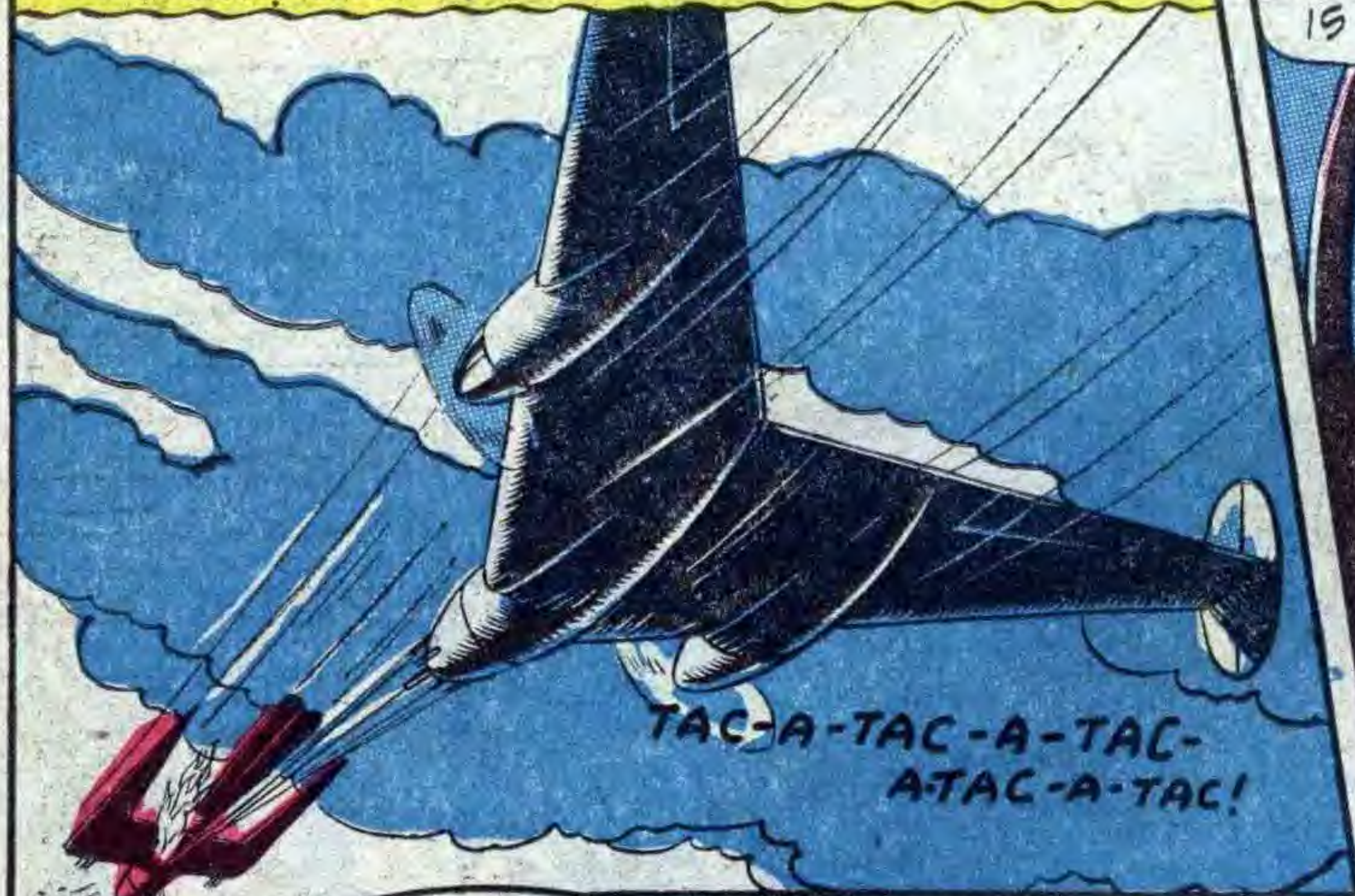
LIE DOWN
ON THE FLOOR!



THAT'S BRILLIANT COMBAT
FLYING, WHOEVER YOU ARE!
BUT I'M IN NO MOOD FOR
COMMENTS-- I'M
GOING TO KILL
YOU!



A SUDDEN SPARRING FOR AN OPENING--A QUICK
CHANGE OF POSITION--AND THEN, THE FAMOUS
"VICTORY PUNCH"!



TAC-A-TAC-A-TAC-
A-TAC-A-TAC!

A HIT!!
HE'S GOING TO
LAND! HIS ENGINE
IS AFIRE!

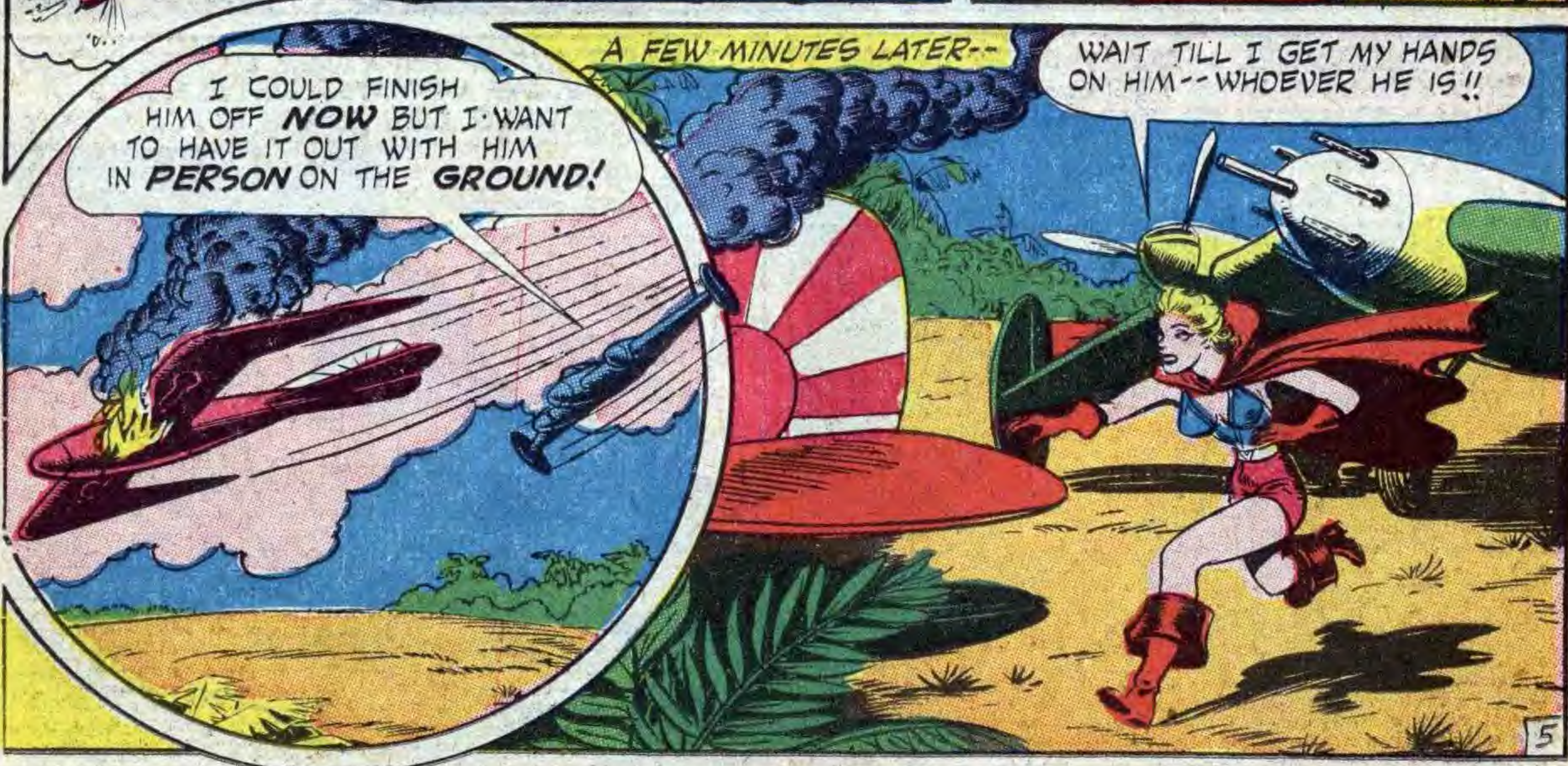
GOOD JOB, MISS VICTORY!
YOU--SURE--KNOW--
YOUR STUFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

I COULD FINISH
HIM OFF **NOW** BUT I WANT
TO HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM
IN **PERSON** ON THE **GROUND**!

WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS
ON HIM-- WHOEVER HE IS!!



SUDDENLY A FIGURE CLAMBERS PAINFULLY OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP, AND MISS VICTORY GASPS IN AMAZEMENT.

GOOD HEAVENS!! IT CAN'T BE--



SLUMPING TO THE GROUND, THE OTHER FLYER REMOVES HER HELMET AND GOGGLES--

IT'S A WOMAN!!

GO ON--SHOOT ME! THAT IS WHAT WE DO TO PRISONERS-- I LOST-- I AM A DISGRACE TO THE SON OF HEAVEN!



WHO ARE YOU? I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE JAPANESE HAD **WOMEN** IN THEIR AIR FORCE!

THEY HAVEN'T, BUT, BECAUSE OF GREAT CASUALTIES INFLICTED UPON US BY **YOUR** ACCURSED COUNTRY, JAPANESE WOMEN HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO DO WHAT I'M DOING-- I KNEW I WOULD BE TRACKED DOWN-- SOONER OR LATER-- I'M VERY PROUD TO HAVE KILLED **MANY** AMERICAN PIGS!



I AM **SUSUMENKA** FROM TOKYO-- I AM WHAT YOU STUPID-AMERICAN GIRLS-CALL-- GLAMOR-GIRL-- I-- I--



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION FROM THE NIPPONESE PLANE SENDS MISS VICTORY HURTLING BACKWARDS--



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, BACK IN THE UNITED STATES--

THE VENTURE WAS A SUCCESS! BY ELIMINATING THIS FLYER FROM THAT AREA, WORK CAN GO ON UNHAMPERED-- AND-- BY THE WAY, LIEUTENANT KERRIGAN IS RECOVERING AND WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU--!

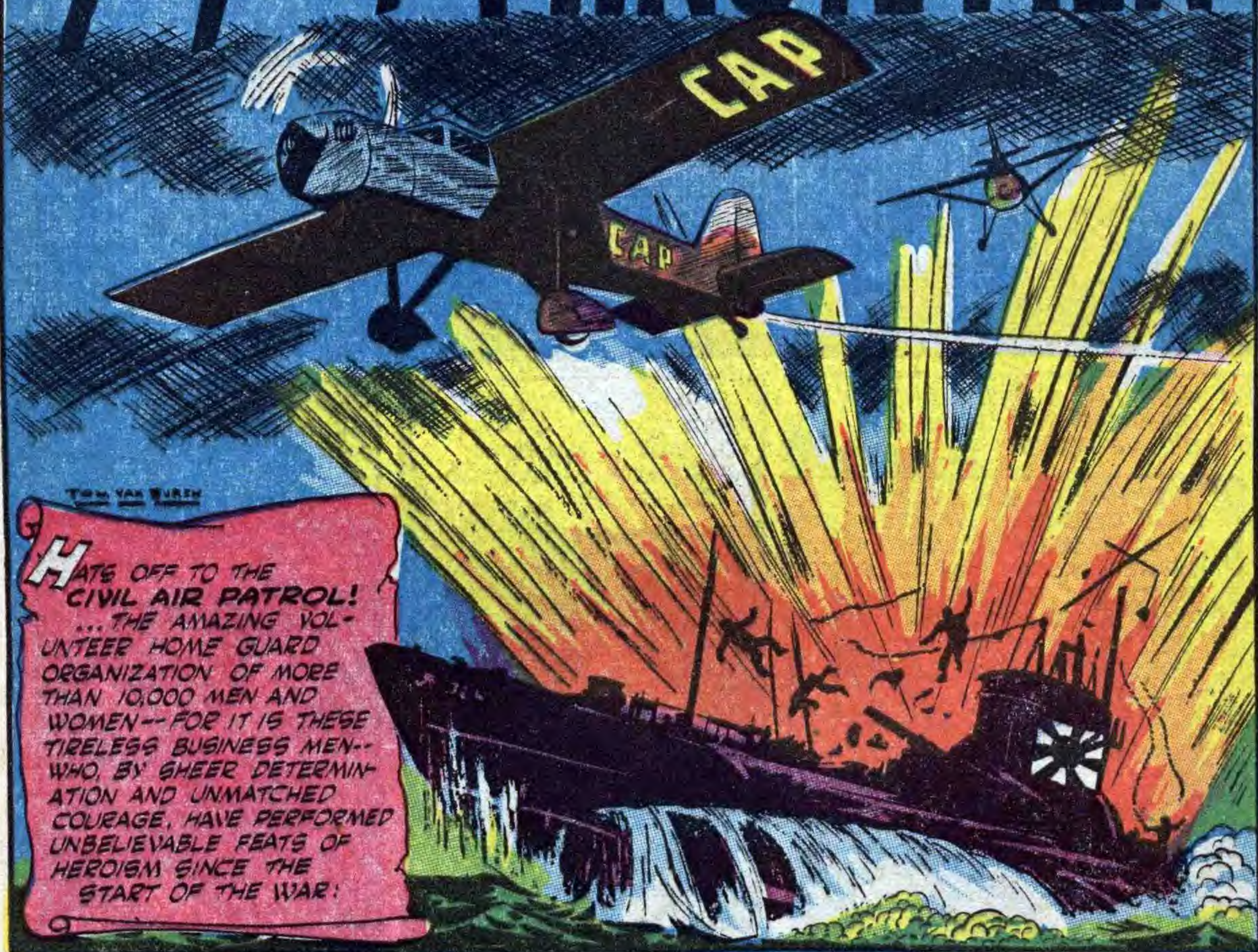
SHE MUST HAVE HAD A BOMB PLANTED IN THE PLANE IN CASE SHE SHOULD BE CAPTURED !!!



THANKS, COLONEL! I'M GOING TO VISIT HIM TODAY! WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT-- THAT WAS ONE OF THE STRANGEST EXPERIENCES I'VE EVER HAD--



Flying MINUTE MEN



TOM YAK BURKH

HATE OFF TO THE CIVIL AIR PATROL! ... THE AMAZING VOL-UNTEER HOME GUARD ORGANIZATION OF MORE THAN 10,000 MEN AND WOMEN-- FOR IT IS THESE TIRELESS BUSINESS MEN-- WHO, BY SHEER DETERMINATION AND UNMATCHED COURAGE, HAVE PERFORMED UNBELIEVABLE FEATS OF HEROISM SINCE THE START OF THE WAR!

SENSING THE IMMINENCE OF CONFLICT, A GROUP OF CIVILIAN PILOTS STAGE A MASS MEETING ON DEC. 1, 1941--

I WARN YOU-- WAR IS COMING-- WE CAN HELP-- WE MUST HELP!



BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?

PLENTY! WE CAN ORGANIZE A CIVIL AIR PATROL TO GUARD AGAINST SABOTEURS AND SUBMARINES-- AND WE CAN ALSO ACT AS COURIERS FOR THE ARMY AND FOR WAR PLANTS!



AFTER THE JAPS STRIKE AT PEARL HARBOR--

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CIVILIAN PILOTS, 25,000 PRIVATE PLANES, AND MORE THAN 1,000 AIRPORTS IN 48 STATES ARE AT YOUR COMMAND, GENERAL!

EXCELLENT! YOU'LL WORK UNDER DIRECT ORDERS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT!



LATER--LT. COL. EARLE L. JOHNSON, PRESENT COMMANDER OF THE C.A.R. VISITS WASHINGTON--

I'M CONCERNED ABOUT THE SAFETY OF OUR AIRPORTS AND WARPLANTS-- THEY COULD EASILY BE WRECKED BY SABOTEURS!

IT'S NOT AS BAD AS ALL THAT--



DETERMINED TO PROVE HIS POINT, COL. JOHNSON TAKES OFF FROM A CLEVELAND AIRPORT--



A FEW MINUTES LATER-- UNDETECTED HE DROPS A SANDBAG ON AN IMPORTANT WAR PLANT!



HELP! HELP!!

THE NAZIS ARE HERE!

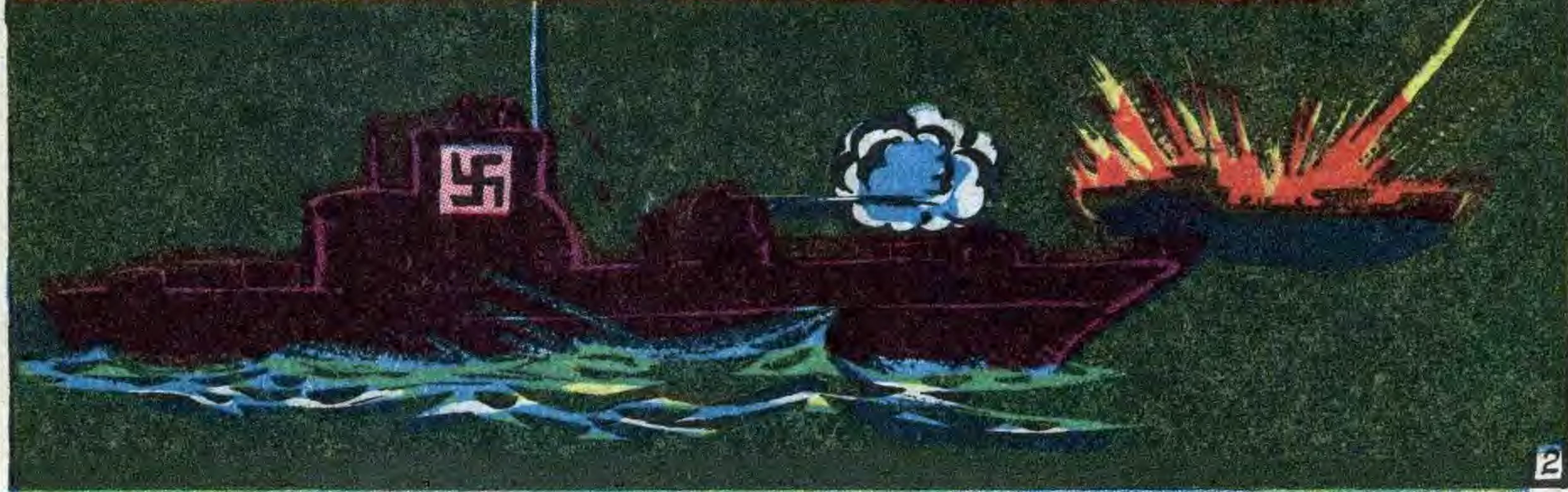
WE'VE BEEN BOMBED!!



IMMEDIATELY WAR PLANTS AND AIRPORTS ARE PLACED UNDER STRICT GUARD-- AND NO PLANES ARE ALLOWED OFF THE GROUND WITHOUT CLEARANCE--



THEN-- PACKS OF NAZI U-BOATS POUNCE ON SHIPPING ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST--



SPRINGING INTO ACTION AT THE FIRST VOLUNTEER BASES AT ATLANTIC CITY, N.J., AND REHEBETH, DEL., COMPLETE UNITS, WITH THEIR OWN PLANES, RADIO EQUIPMENT, DOCTORS, NURSES AND MECHANICS REPORT FOR ACTIVE DUTY--



MAINTAINING RADIO COMMUNICATION WITH SHIPS AND SHORE--THE PLANES PATROL THE SEA--

ENEMY U-BOAT 10 MILES OFF CAPE MAY, TRAILING MEDIUM SIZED TANKER!



TOM, I'M GOING AFTER THAT SUB!

BUT-FRANK--WE'RE UNARMED!



YEAH! BUT THE SUB DOESN'T KNOW THAT!



THE BIG U-BOAT CRASH DIVES, AND THE C.A.P. PLANE SAVES A VALUABLE OIL CARGO!



LATER--PLANES ARE FITTED WITH LIGHT RACKS FOR TWO DEMOLITION BOMBS--AN ATTACHMENT FOR DEPTH CHARGES, AND AN INGENUOUS BOMBSIGHT COSTING BUT TWENTY CENTS!



NOT ONLY IS THE SUB DESTROYED, AND A MILLION DOLLAR CARGO SAVED--BUT SINCE THEN, MORE THAN 50 U-BOATS HAVE BEEN CHASED FROM U.S. WATERS!



EQUALLY IMPORTANT ARE THE INLAND ACTIVITIES OF THE C.A.P. WHICH FREES MANY ARMY PILOTS FOR MORE URGENT WORK..



FOR INSTANCE--RECENTLY AT YORK, PA.

A GRINDING WHEEL AT OUR WAR PLANT HAS BROKEN DOWN--IT WEIGHS 400 POUNDS, BUT IF YOU COULD FLY TO WORCESTER FOR ANOTHER--

DON'T WORRY, SIR, WE'LL GET YOU ANOTHER WHEEL IN A FEW HOURS!



THAT AFTERNOON--

YOU CAN'T LOAD THAT WHEEL ON YOUR PLANE--IT WEIGHS 400 POUNDS--YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE OFF!

DON'T WORRY--I'LL MANAGE--!



LATER--

CONGRATULATIONS, JOE! YOU'VE PREVENTED A WORK STOPPAGE OF SEVERAL DAYS!



OTHER UNITS PATROL FORESTS REGULARLY TO PREVENT DANGEROUS FIRES FROM SPREADING!



COOPERATING WITH BOTH THE U.S. AND MEXICO, THE C.A.P. SOUTHERN LIASON PATROL KEEPS A WATCHFUL EYE ON BORDER MOVEMENTS--



IN NEVADA, A CAVALRY SQUADRON OF 160 HORSEMEN, EQUIPPED WITH SADDLE TO SADDLE STRETCHERS, CARRIES OUT SEARCH MISSIONS BY FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS FROM OVERHEAD PLANES....



NEW HAMPSHIRE BOASTS A TRAINED CORP OF SKI AND SNOW SHOE TROOPERS...WHO HAVE AFFECTED SPECTACULAR RESCUES--



DURING SPRING FLOODS IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER REGION--C.A.P. PLANES QUICKLY SPOT SMALL LEVEE LEAKS WHICH THEY REPORT TO AIR CREWS, PREVENTING MAJOR DAMAGE--



THE LITTLE PLANES OFTEN PANCAKE DOWN ON SOGGY FIELDS, BRINGING DOCTORS, NURSES, PLASMA AND FOOD TO COMMUNITIES MAROONED BY RISING WATERS---



ALL C.A.P. MEMBERS ARE REQUIRED TO ATTEND WEEKLY EVENING DRILL SESSIONS AND CLASSES IN AVIATION AND MILITARY SUBJECTS--



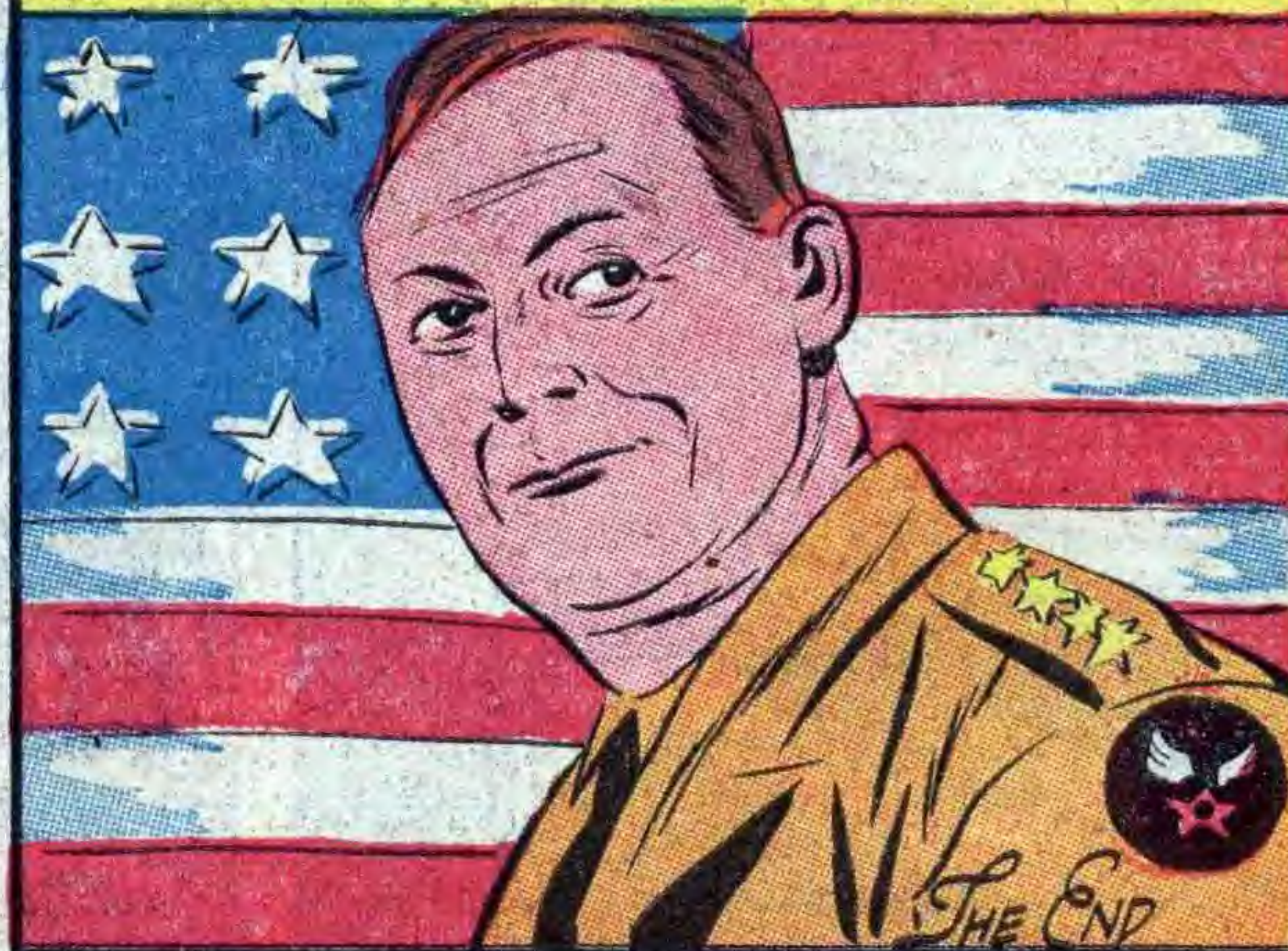
BY APRIL 23, 1943, THE C.A.P. BECOMES AN OUTFIT OF SUCH MAGNITUDE AND VALUE--IT IS TAKEN OVER BY THE WAR DEPT. AS AN AUXILIARY ARM OF THE ARMY AIR FORCE.



DURING 1943, THE C.A.P. ORIGINATES THE AVIATION CADET CORPS TO GIVE PRE-AVIATION TRAINING TO BOYS FROM 15 TO 18...AND BY THE END OF THIS YEAR EXPECTS TO HAVE AT LEAST 250,000 MEMBERS.



GENERAL H.H. ARNOLD OF THE ARMY AIR FORCE, DECLARES THAT THE CIVIL AIR PATROL WILL CONTINUE TO SERVE DURING THE WAR, AND AFTERWARDS, IT WILL SERVE AS A POTENT EMERGENCY UNIT READY TO SPRING INTO ACTION AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE...



Captain Aero's SKY SCOUTS



THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.... AND, AS USUAL, THE MILLVILLE MODEL CLUB IS IN SESSION-- JIMMIE HACKETT, PRESIDING--

FELLOWS AND GIRLS.. BOBBY AND I HAVE JUST FINISHED IT-- AND IS SHE A **BEAUTY!** SO, AFTER THE CLUB MEETING WE'LL ALL GO OVER TO MY HOUSE, AND HAVE SOME ROOT BEER AND COOKIES AND SEE HOW SHE LOOKS!

'RAY FOR JIMMIE'S GLIDER!

'RAY FOR THE ROOT BEER AND COOKIES!



AFTER THE MEETING--

I JUST GOT MY NEW MOTOR FROM THE MAIL ORDER HOUSE!

YOU **HAVEN'T** SEEN **ANYTHING** TILL YOU'VE SEEN **THIS** THING WE'VE GOT!



LATER... IN THE HACKETT GARAGE...



GOSH!
IT'S A
BEAUTY!

YOU
WEREN'T
KIDDIN'!

WOW!
WHAT A
JOB!



WE THOUGHT
YOU'D LIKE IT!

COME ON IN THE
HOUSE, AND GET
THAT ROOT BEER!



SEVERAL ROOT BEERS LATER...

HOW ARE
YOU GOING TO
FLY IT?

FROM A TALL HILL!
WE'RE GOING TO BUILD
A CATAPULT...

I'LL SEE
WHAT'S ON
THE RADIO!



--AND THE FATE OF THE AMATEUR MOUNTAIN
CLIMBERS WHO SCALED THE TREACHEROUS MT. TREMONT
IS STILL UNDETERMINED... THE ENTIRE PARTY IS MAROONED
ATOP THE MOUNTAIN, AS RESCUE WORKERS
BUSILY TRY TO FIGURE OUT A WAY OF
GETTING THEM DOWN....



--WITHOUT FOOD AND MOUNTAIN
CLIMBING TOOLS, WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY
WERE LOST OVER THE SIDE OF THE
MOUNTAIN, THE CHANCES OF THEIR
SURVIVAL ARE SLIM, UNLESS THE
RESCUE PARTY GETS TO THEM...
DR LAWRENCE, LEADER OF
THE GROUP CONTINUES
TO FLASH MESSAGES TO
THE RESCUERS WHO
ARE SLOWLY CLIMBING
UP THE SIDE OF
MT. TREMONT--



MT. TREMONT
THAT AIN'T SO FAR
FROM HERE... LET'S
GO AND SEE WHAT'S
GOING ON!

AND HOW!!!
LET'S GO!

A SHORT RIDE IN THE HACKETT FAMILY CAR, AND THE SKY SCOUTS SOON REACH THE MOUNTAIN.

HE'S FLASHING A MESSAGE WITH HIS MIRROR---

WHAT DOES HE SAY?



NEED HELP BADLY--INJURED--

THE RESCUE PARTY WILL NEVER GET TO THEM ON TIME--

SAY, SIR-- WHY COULDN'T A PLANE FLY OVER, AND DROP THEM SOME SUPPLIES?



THAT'S WHAT WE'RE WAITING FOR, SON-- WE TRIED IT EARLIER IN THE DAY, BUT THEY COULDN'T REACH THE SACK WE DROPPED-- THEY'RE GOING TO TRY AGAIN IN A LITTLE WHILE!

EVEN SO, JIMMIE-- HOW CAN THEY GET THEM **DOWN**--- ??? NO PLANE CAN LAND UP THERE-- AND EVEN IF IT COULD-- HOW COULD IT TAKE OFF?



I'VE GOT IT...! THE GLIDER!!
WE COULD LAND ON THAT SPOT WITH OUR OWN CATAPULT... AND BRING EVERYONE DOWN!

GOSH!... YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT HOW DO WE GET UP THERE?

HERE COMES THE RESCUE PLANE FROM EL PASO!



A FEW MINUTES LATER... JIMMIE IS ENGAGED IN A SERIOUS CONVERSATION WITH THE PILOT OF THE PLANE--

PLEASE-- LET US TRY IT! IT'S THEIR ONLY CHANCE... THEY MIGHT BE DEAD BEFORE ANY OTHER HELP CAN REACH THEM!

YOU SAY YOU'RE TWO OF CAPTAIN AERO'S SKY SCOUTS?

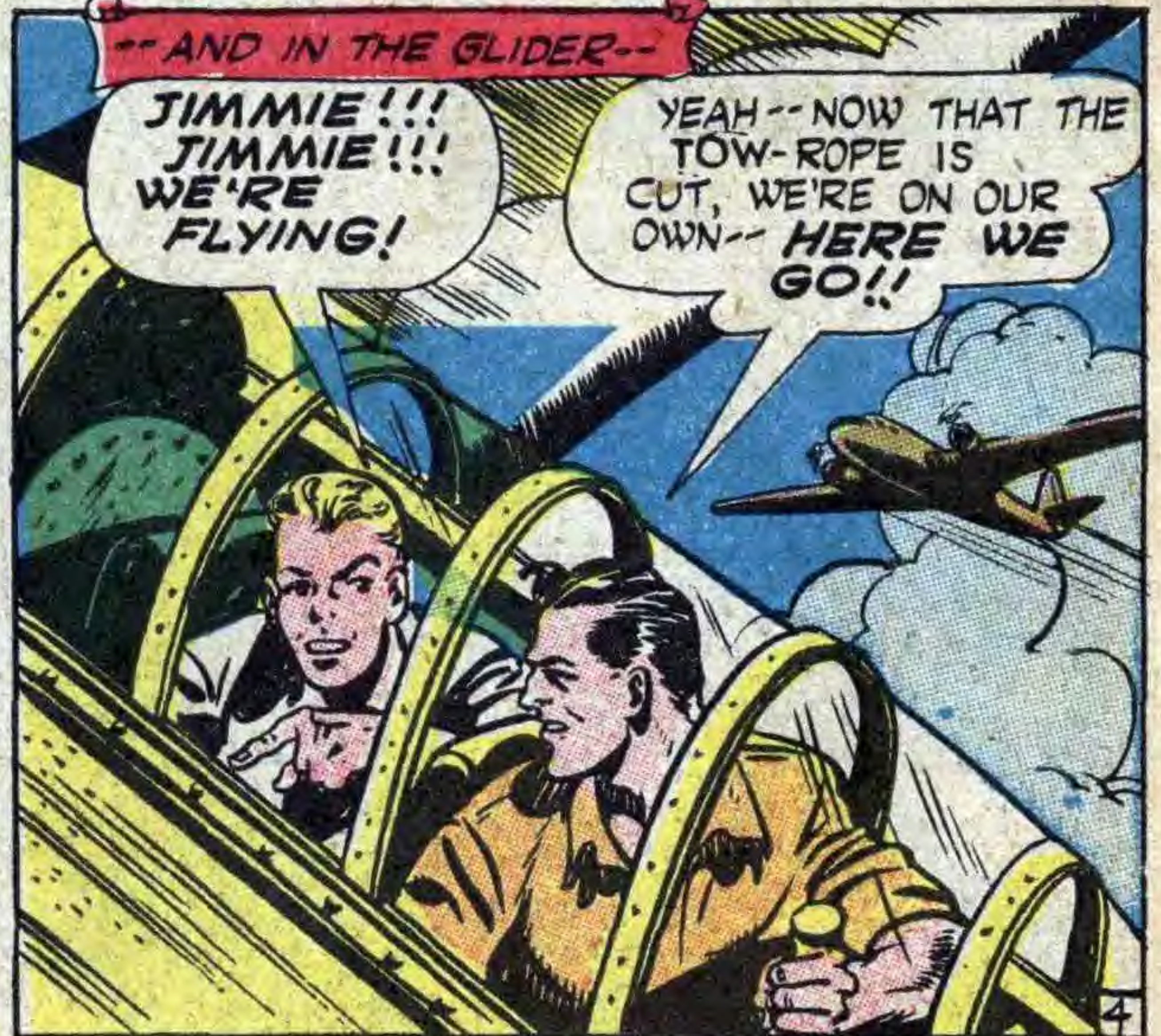
WE SURE ARE--



ALL RIGHT, THEN... I'LL TRUST YOU BOYS-- HOW FAR AWAY IS THE GLIDER?

OVER IN MY GARAGE-- WE CAN BE BACK HERE IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR-- WITH IT!







A TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN AERO'S SKILL AS A PILOT IS IN ORDER AS THE OLDER SKY SCOUT SETS HIS HOME MADE CRAFT DOWN IN AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE SPOT...



SKY SCOUTS, SIR--AT YOUR SERVICE!

WE'RE SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOYS! CAN YOU GET US DOWN!

WE'LL HAVE A CATAPULT RIGGED UP IN A JIFFY!



A TAUT RUBBER STRETCHED BETWEEN TWO STURDY TREES... AND THE GLIDER IS READY FOR ITS LEAP INTO SPACE.



SECONDS LATER

THEY DID IT I TOLD YOU!

BOY-- THOSE BOYS SURE TAKE THE CAKE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY---

THAT WAS SOME RESCUE! EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT IT!

YOU TWO BOYS ARE HEROES!

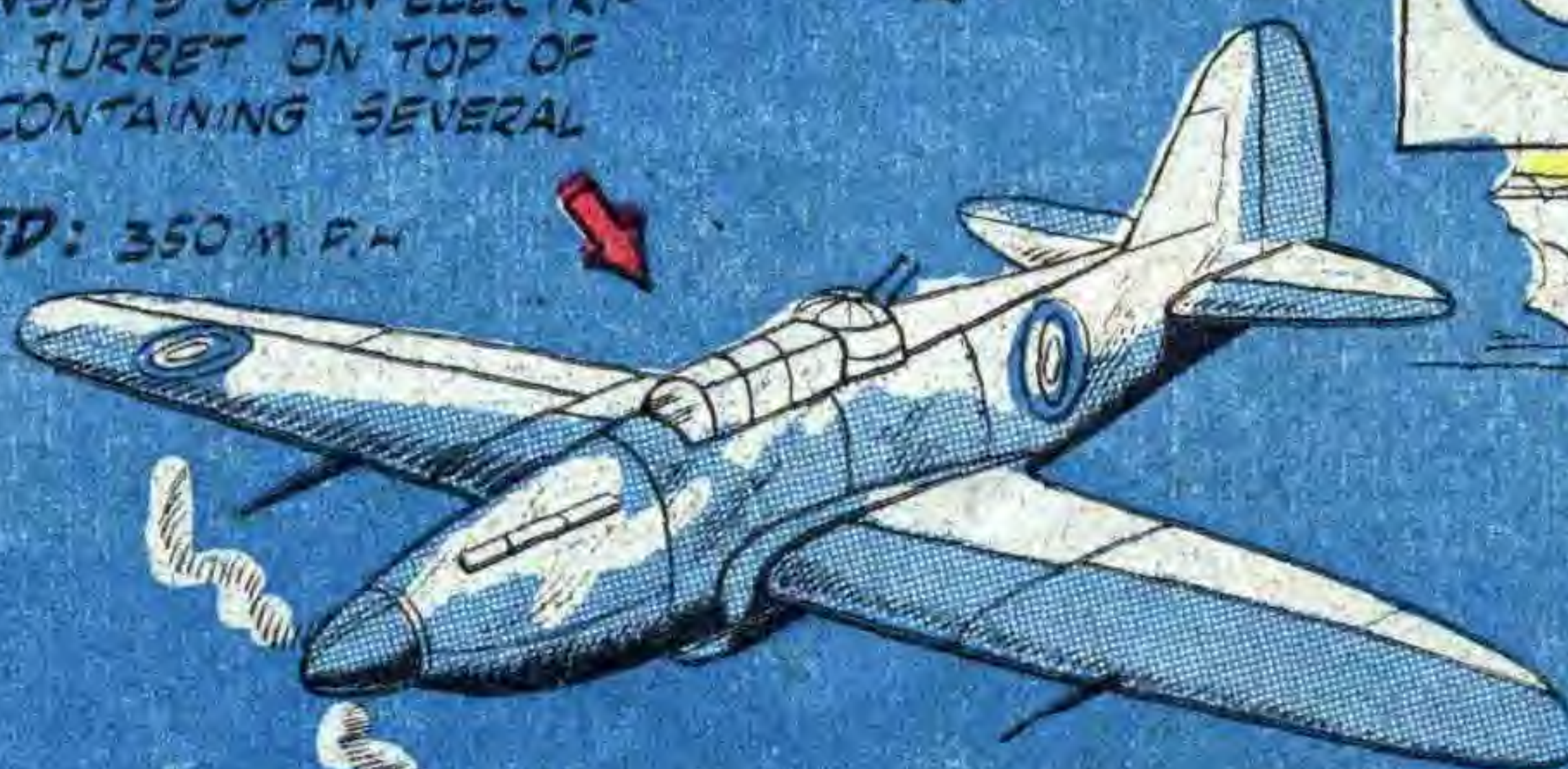
NO, WE'RE NOT! WE JUST WENT TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE--AND AT THE SAME TIME MAKE 'EM REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT FLYING IS TO THE SKY SCOUTS!

RIGHT--- LEARN AND HELP--THAT'S THE MOTTO OF THE SKY SCOUTS



FIGHTING ALLIES

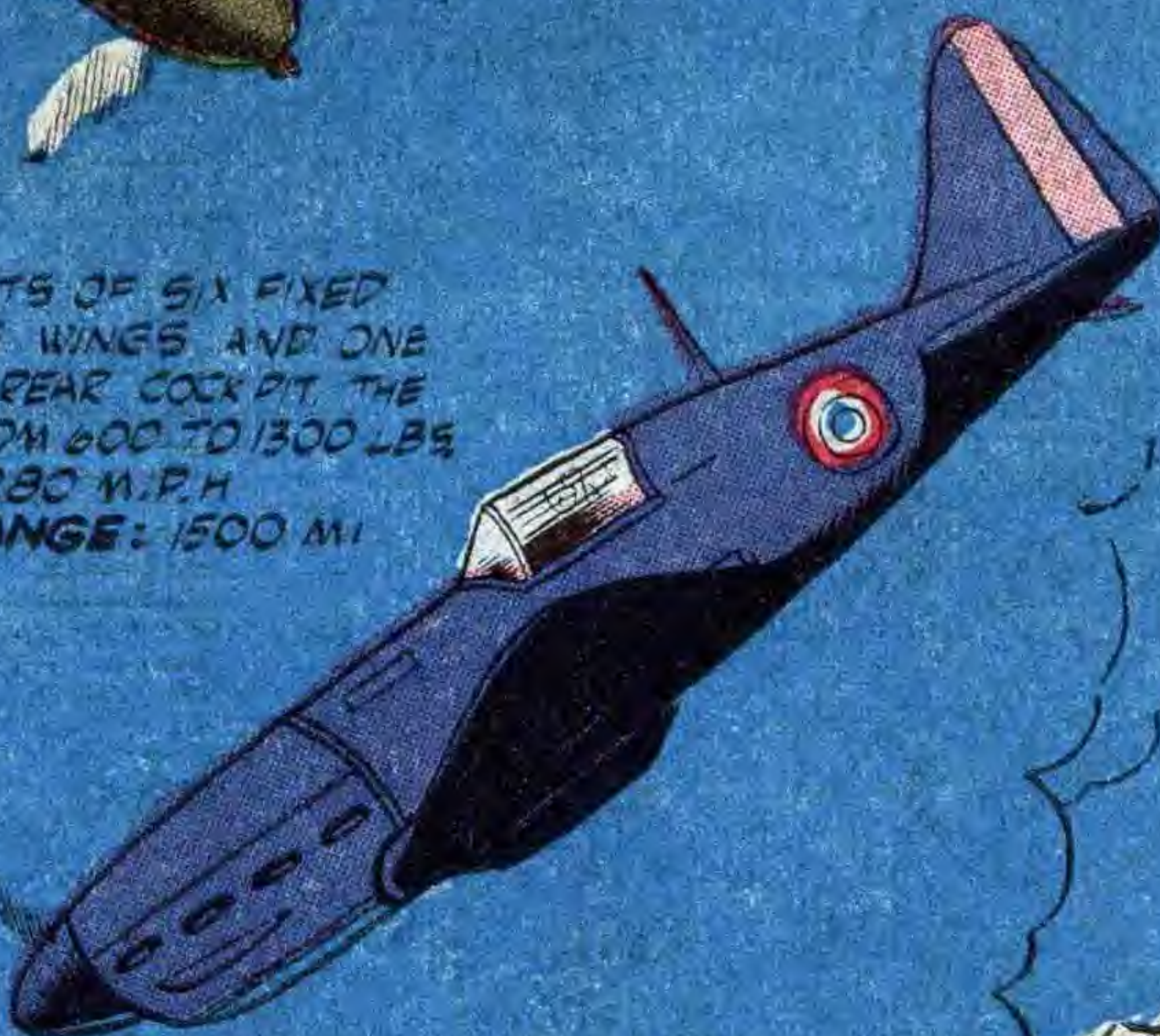
COUNTRY: GREAT BRITAIN
MODEL: BOULTON PAUL DEFIANT
ARMAMENT: CONSISTS OF AN ELECTRICALLY-OPERATED TURRET ON TOP OF THE FUSELAGE, CONTAINING SEVERAL MACHINE GUNS
MAXIMUM SPEED: 350 M.P.H.



COUNTRY: U.S.
MODEL: P-39
NAME: AIRACOBRA
ARMAMENT: CONSISTS OF A 37MM CANNON IN THE NOSE AND MACHINE GUNS.
MAXIMUM SPEED: OVER 375 M.P.H.
CRUISING RANGE: 965 MI.



COUNTRY: FRANCE
MODEL: MORANE SAULNIER 406
ARMAMENT: ARMED WITH ONE 20MM CANNON AND TWO FIXED MACHINE GUNS IN THE WINGS. A CAMERA GUN IS CARRIED IN THE PORT WING.
MAXIMUM SPEED: 310 M.P.H.



COUNTRY: RUSSIA
MODEL: R-101
ARMAMENT: CONSISTS OF SIX FIXED MACHINE GUNS IN THE WINGS AND ONE FLEXIBLE GUN IN THE REAR COCKPIT. THE BOMB LOAD VARIES FROM 600 TO 1300 LBS.
MAXIMUM SPEED: 280 M.P.H.
CRUISING RANGE: 1500 MI.



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